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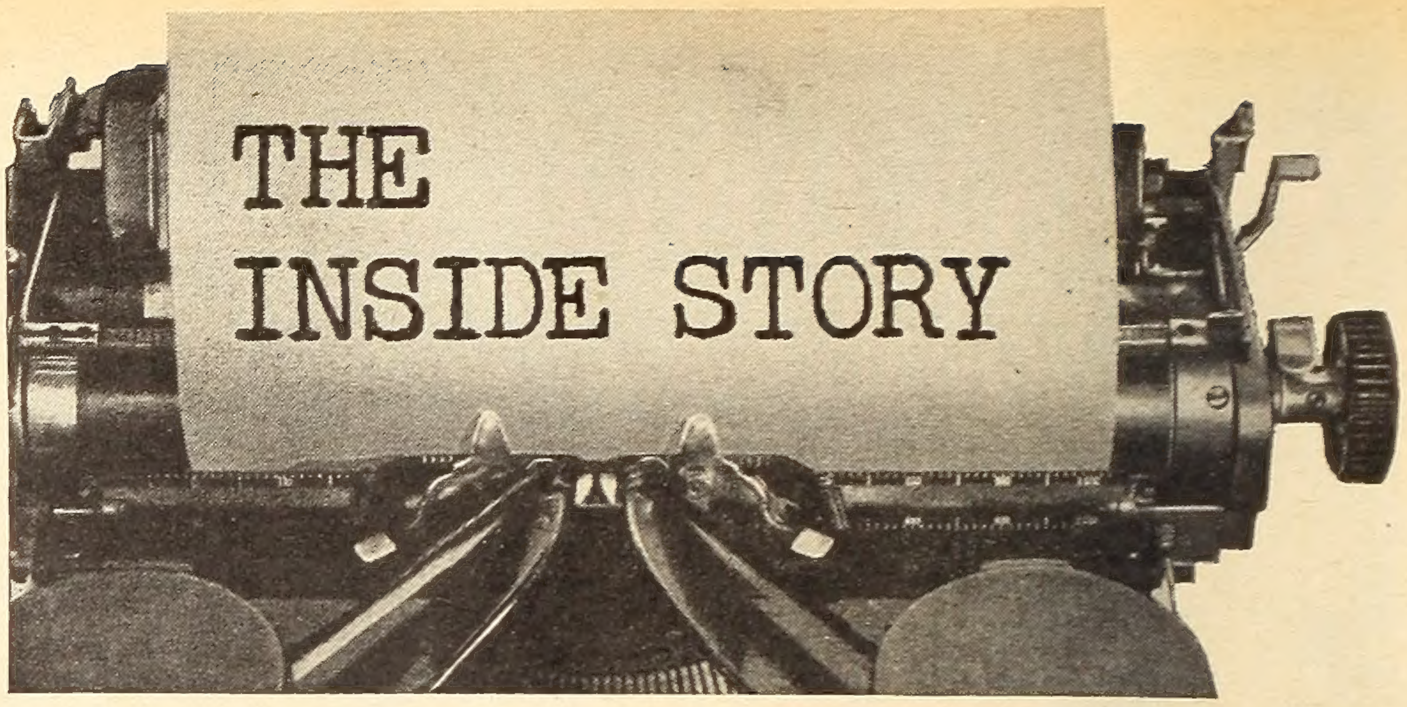


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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q Who makes more money—**Natalie Wood** or **Robert Wagner**?
—I.S., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

A *On a free-lance basis, Nat makes twice husband Bob's asking price—but, considerably less under the terms of her Warner Bros. contract.*

Q **Sophia Loren** recently made a crack that she was sorry she got *The Millionairess* role away from Katharine Hepburn but Katie was too old and hadn't the sex appeal to recreate her stage role of eight years ago on the screen. What was Miss Hepburn's reply to this unkind remark?
—R.E., Long Beach, N.Y.

A *Cold stone-dead silence.*

Q Will **Debbie Reynolds** allow and receive **Liz Taylor** in her home when **Eddie Fisher** comes there to visit with Todd and Carrie?
—K.H., San Jose, Calif.

A *Debbie will allow Liz in her home, but it's unlikely she'll be at home to receive her.*

Q Is her mother trying to force **Tuesday Weld** to settle down and marry **Dick Beymer**?
—P.E., Cleveland, Ohio.

A *She's been using the art of gentle persuasion . . . on her daughter: the power of suggestion on Dick.*

Q Is it true that **Mel Ferrer,** who just became a father, has a daughter who acts under a different family name because she's older than Mel's wife **Audrey Hepburn**?
—R.E., Philadelphia, Pa.

A *No. Budding actress Mela Ferrer is seventeen. Audrey's thirty-one.*

Q I read a funny story that **Marlon Brando** saw a gorgeous Oriental across a crowded dimly-lit room, asked to be introduced and learned it was his own ex-wife, **Anna Kashfi.** Did this happen —or is someone's imagination overactive?
—G.F., Montclair, N.J.

A *Marlon's vision was under-active . . . but not his instinct for type. To his great embarrassment—the story's true!*

Q. Why did **Kipp Hamilton** decide to break her engagement to **Efrem Zimbalist Jr.**, after escorting his children to Connecticut?
—R.G., San Antonio, Tex.

A *Obviously Kipp felt that it wasn't exactly in good taste to be engaged—when the fiance in question wasn't completely divorced.*

Q Is it true that the ASPCA is taking **Tab Hunter**'s dog away from him and is trying to prevent him from getting a license to own any other animal?
—E.R., Hamden, Conn.

A *Tab has denied beating the dog—said he was merely yelling at it. Since no one has pressed charges, it's unlikely that the ASPCA will.*

Q What's the inside story about the report that **Ava Gardner** was badly crippled in an accident and may never walk without a limp again?
—N.M., Boston, Mass.

A *An exaggeration. Ava injured her leg and went on to London for treatment. She will walk normally as soon as it's completed.*

Q Whatever happened to Zanuck's great plans for **Bella Darvi**?
—V.P., Rye, N.Y.

A *Zanuck transferred his plans to* **Juliette Greco**. *Miss Darvi's living it up in the South of France.*

Q I read where **Eddie Fisher**'s recording company is putting out an album of tone-poems dedicated to the most glamorous women in the world—among them **Ava Gardner**, **Garbo**, **Garland**, **Marilyn**, **Zsa Zsa**, **Bardot**, **Lena**, **Lana**, **Liz**, and **Natalie Wood**. I can understand his choice in most instances—but how did Natalie get into this? She's really just a cute kid.
—P.K., Elko, Nev.

A . . . *And also a close friend of Eddie and Liz'.*

Q Was tax savings the motive behind **Deborah Kerr** renouncing her American citizenship and going to live in Switzerland—like all the other stars?
—A.S., St. Charles, Mo.

A *She's not an American citizen.*

THE WOMAN IN THE MIDNIGHT LACE... TARGET FOR TEMPTATION...OR TERROR?



THE SHOCKING MIDNIGHT THREATS...



THE UNEXPLAINABLE 'ACCIDENTS'...



THE MENACING VOICE IN THE FOG...



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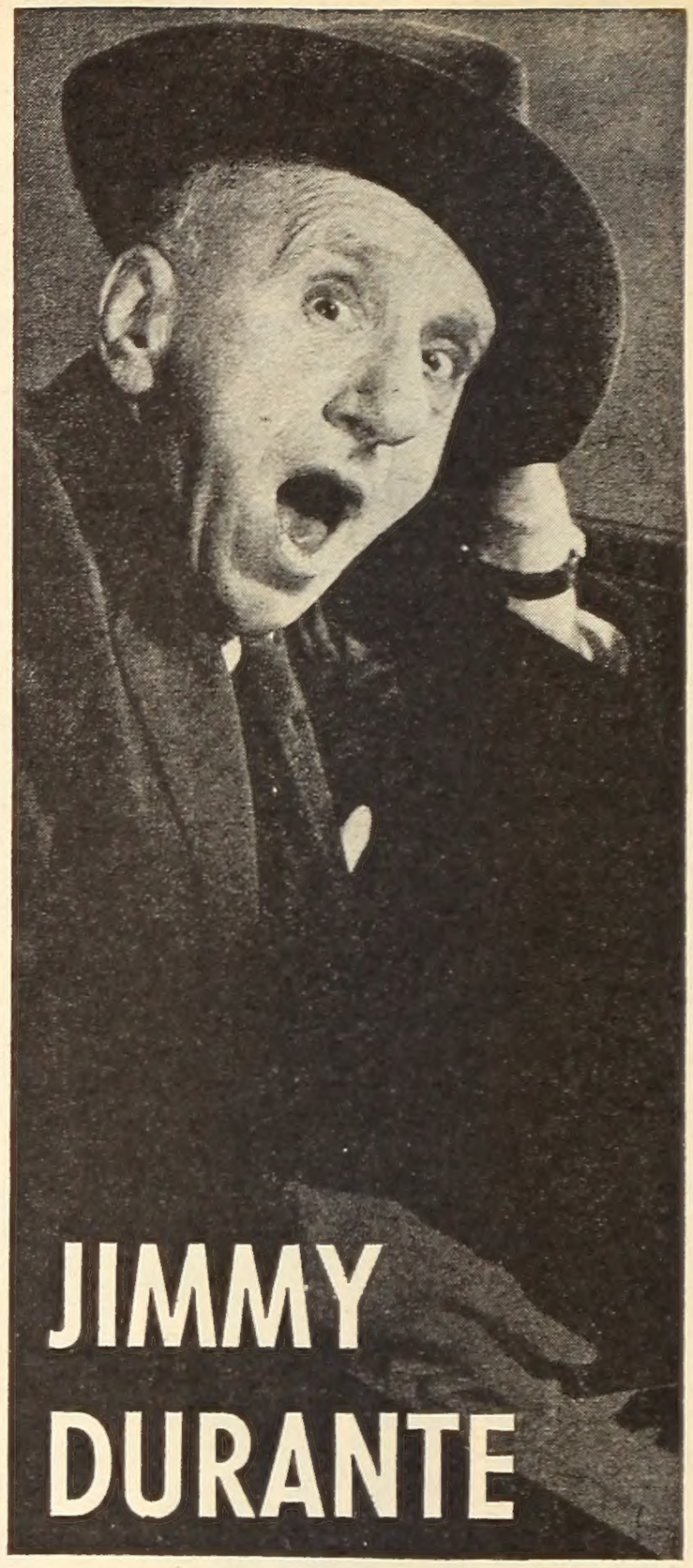
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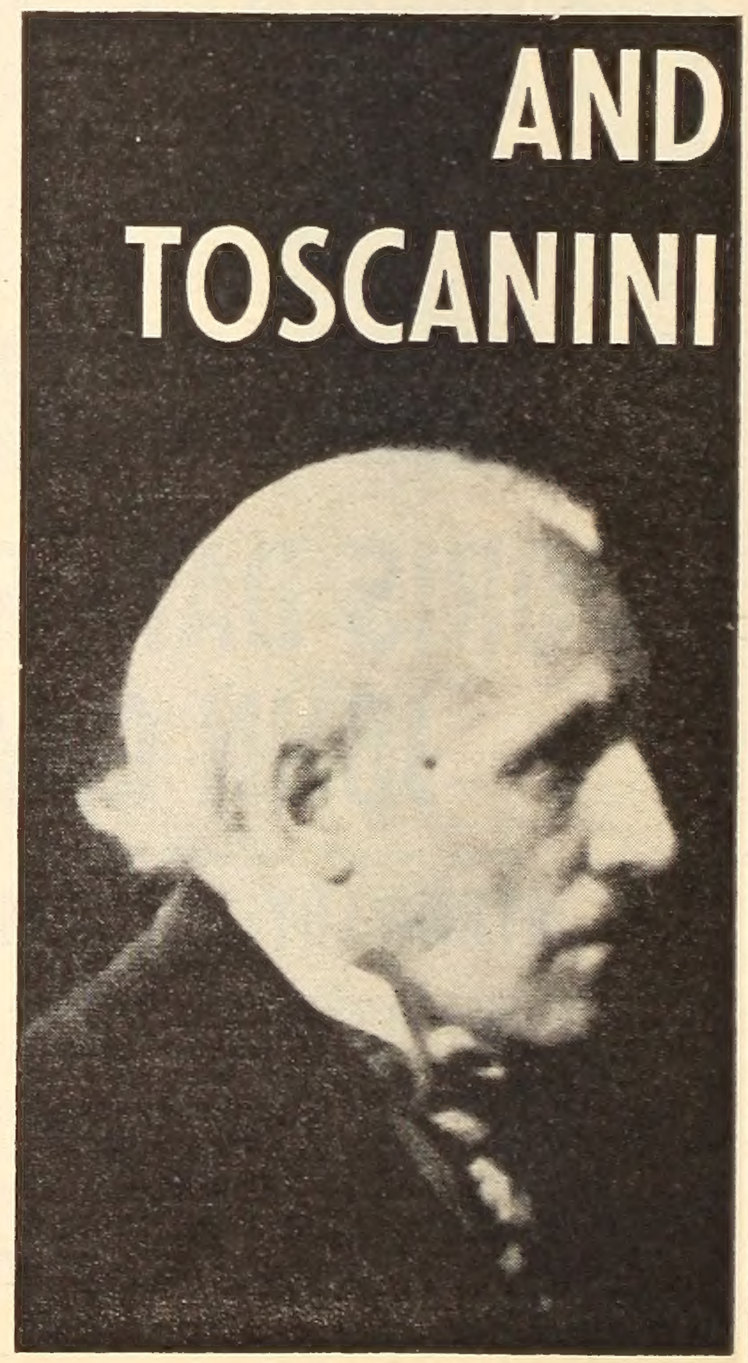


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■ A vintage phonograph was one of the prize possessions in the barber shop of Papa Durante on Catherine Street on New York City's Lower East Side.

And the music heard on it most frequently was the symphonic records of Arturo Toscanini . . . with Enrico Caruso records a close second.

When young Jimmy Durante wasn't lathering up the customers to get them ready for his dad's razor, he was forever cranking up the old phonograph.

"My father never let me shave a customer or cut their hair," Jimmy recalls, "but he sure did trust me with that phonograph. The only trouble was I didn't dare play the records I liked. It had to be Toscanini or Caruso. To him they were Roman gods.

"I didn't treat them with much reverence though. Years later when I needed a specialty song for my radio program I wrote a tune called *Toscanini, Stokowski and Me.* I got the best of it in the lyrics, and the song wound up with me saying that Stokowski couldn't sing but I could, and Toscanini couldn't play the piano, but I could.

"I could tell it was a hit when the studio audience laughed (they got in free), and even up in the sponsor's booth there was a frozen smile when they heard it. So I sang it again—wid emphasasis!

"I got back to my hotel a couple of hours later and noticed a little man wearing a big black hat, waiting outside my room. This is either a bill collector or an autograph collector, I thinks—and he wasn't holding an autograph book. I began wondering if the payments on my tuxedo were up to date.

"Well, I walked up to the door, sort of nonchalant, and he draws himself up to his full five feet two and looks at me like I had insulted all his ancestors.

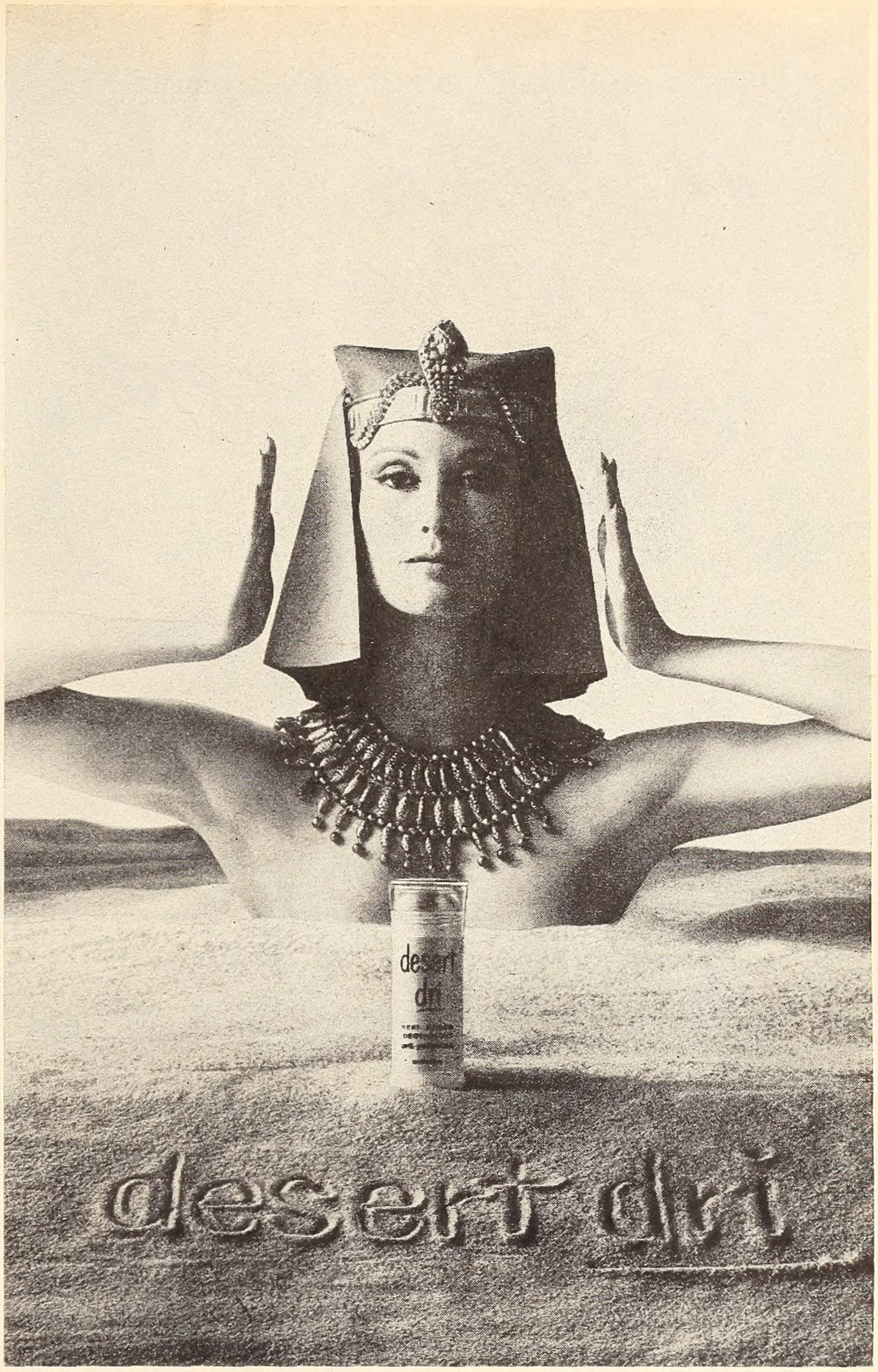
" 'Mr. Durante?' he asked.

"Yes," I admitted. Then he poked his fist at me, but just to hand me his calling card.

" 'There are several things you don't know about me, Mr. Durante,' he shouted.

" 'First, my name is Toscanini . . . second, I *do* play the piano—and much better than you.

" 'I also can *sing* better than you. In fact, if I tried, I could even tell *jokes* better than you! Good night, Mr. Durante!' " END



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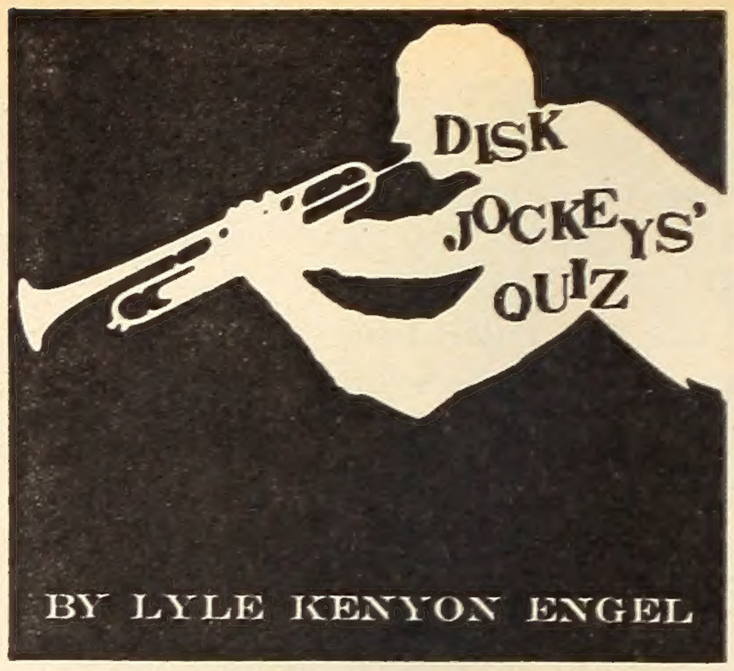
If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL



Richard Smith, Station WLCO, Eustis, Fla.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *This performer is known more for his gyrations than for his singing but he has an excellent voice and can sing a beautiful ballad. He just had the hit titled* STUCK ON YOU *on the RCA Victor label.*

2. *He was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1937. His voice is the type that can sing most anything. On the Cub label his last single was* HANDY MAN. *His latest record is the big hit* GOOD TIMIN'.



Ira Cook, Station KMPC, Los Angeles, Calif.

3. *He's twenty-two and hails from Windsor, Ontario. He records for Top Rank. His musical interests are playing guitar, writing and composing. His current hit is* BURNING BRIDGES.



Ed Meath, Station WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.

4. *This vocalist was a second runner-up to "Miss America" in 1958. Her title was "Miss Oklahoma." She was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1940. Her lovely voice may be heard in an album the title of which is her name. She has the top hit single* PAPER ROSES.

5. *Brooklyn, N. Y., is his birthplace. He's sung in movies, on radio, television and nightclubs. He had the million record seller* AGAIN. *His latest album is entitled* THIS GAME OF LOVE.

6. *These six boys (Terry, Paul, Nate, Jacob, Tommy and Zeke) go under a group name. Their latest album is* FLAMINGO SERENADE. *Their big song now is* NOBODY LOVES ME LIKE YOU *on the End label.*



Stan Dale, Station WAIT, Chicago, Ill.

7. *They sing. He heads the group consisting of Fred, Angelo and Carlo. They've been on TV and in nightclubs. They record for Laurie. They had million seller* TEENAGER IN LOVE *and* I WONDER WHY.



John Dixon & Chuck Thompson, Station WALA-TV, Mobile, Ala.

1. Elvis Presley
2. Jimmie Jones
3. Jack Scott
4. Anita Bryant
5. Vic Damone
6. Flamingos
7. Dion & The Belmonts

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Parties and Politics

Romances and Partings

Tab In Bad Trouble



Frank Sinatra (right) enjoyed a private word with Kennedy.



Lana and Fred May enjoyed the party—before the trouble began.



(R. to L.) Louella and Jimmy McHugh enjoyed hosting Fabian, Judy McHugh, Fabe's brother Bob.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Milton Berle and Lyndon Johnson (right) discussed affairs of state.



Convention delegate Sinatra was solidly behind Senator Kennedy.



The Peter Lawfords' party was for Presidential nominee Jack Kennedy (Peter's brother-in-law).



Judy Garland and Sammy Davis, Jr. were among the show-business stars gathered in honor of political lights like Adlai Stevenson.

Parties...Politics... Pretty Girls

Janet Leigh fainted at the **Henry Fondas**' party for the Democratic biggies, giving rise to the rumor that she and **Tony** were expecting a third little Curtis. But she said "No, it's just a reaction from some pills I've taken for sinus trouble." . . .

The TV cameras, having a field day with so many movie stars on hand "free," flashed to **Frank Sinatra** and **Peter Lawford** (brother-in-law of Democratic nominee Senator John Kennedy) almost as often as they did to the politicians. . . .

Edward G. Robinson got the biggest hand from the delegates; **Nat King Cole** almost as big. . . .

Hope Lange's schoolgirl black dress with demure collar was the most modest outfit worn the entire week the Democrats were among us. . . .

Janet Leigh's whistle-bait decolletage, worn in mid-afternoon, the most daring. . . .

No one seemed to note or care that **Shelley Winters** arrived and departed from the opening ceremonies with **Tony Franciosa**, the husband she had just announced shedding twenty-four hours previously. . . .

When **Zsa Zsa Gabor** couldn't get a ticket to accompany New Orleans mayor De Lesseps Morrison to the floor of the convention, it was carried as a "news" flash over national television! . . .

My own personal big excitement—when Senator Kennedy, looking as fresh as though he had not been campaigning for months and was not under the strain of the Convention which later nominated him, greeted me at the Phil Regan party with a cheerful "Hello, Louella," and posed for picture after picture. . . .

What a week! Frantic, hectic and exhausting—yes, I've never covered so many parties, shaken so many hands, seen so many movie stars turn out en masse (even such staunch Republicans as the **Gary Coopers** and **Jennifer Jones** and David Selznick showed up for *all* the doing for the Democrats). But never say it hasn't been *fun!*

Many days saw three or four magnificent parties within the twenty-four hour span and all I can say is that our movietown hostesses can stand up and be counted among the finest in the nation.

On the Saturday before the Monday opening day, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Stein entertained three hundred on the terrace of their hilltop home; the Edwin Pauleys six-hundred-forty at their garden supper-dance; the Peter Lawfords over one hundred at a "little family" affair at their beach home for Senator Kennedy. Then Perle Mesta—who *else*—gave a brunch in the Cocoanut Grove to which six thousand showed up to shake the hand of "the hostess with the mostest" and meet her political and movie star pals. My boss, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful Austine hosted a wonderful luncheon at the Wilshire Country Club, particularly pleasant because one could talk to and enjoy all the celebrated guests. Gore Vidal, the playwright-politician, took over Romanoff's for a delightful affair, and Phil Regan invited five-hundred and got over nine-hundred into Chasens.

Style note: Most of the screen stars and wives of the politicians wore vivid print or lace cocktail dresses with cocktail coats. Few furs—but much beautiful jewelry. . . .

The Peter Lawfords had the most "Democratic" decoration theme—donkey place cards and a live, honest-to-goodness donkey in the garden, delighting all the Kennedy children (permitted to stay up until 9:00!), as well as **Judy Garland**, Nat King Cole, **Milton Berle**, the Gary Coopers, Henry Fondas and Tony and Janet who attended the family affair. . . .

I guess I could take the rest of this department telling you about all the wonderful times we've had while the Democrats were in town among my little movie playmates. But space doesn't permit. Besides I'm limp—and a Republican to boot!

Shelley and Tony Part

No one, under similar circumstances, ever sounded as cool, calm and collected as **Shelley Winters** did when she called me from New York to tell me she had asked **Tony Franciosa** to move out of her Beverly Hills home and that they were separating.

I couldn't help remembering how tearful, hysterical and unhappy she had sounded the time she had called to tell me that she was leaving **Vittorio Gassman**, her first husband, and father of her daughter, Vittoria. Knowing Shell, I'm sure the change in attitude was not because she loved Vittorio more and Tony less.

It's just that she was more reconciled to the break-up of her second marriage. She and Tony, during the past two years, have been on the verge of parting so often the actual break must have been an emotional anti-climax.

"Tony and I are not parting in anger or after a fight," she said from 3,000 miles away. "I just had to face the situation that we have a different set of values. So I made the decision that it's far better for us to live apart."

Now the only male in Shelley's life is the treasured Oscar she won for *The Diary of Anne Frank* and if you ask me, Shelley will think long and hard before she tries matrimony again.

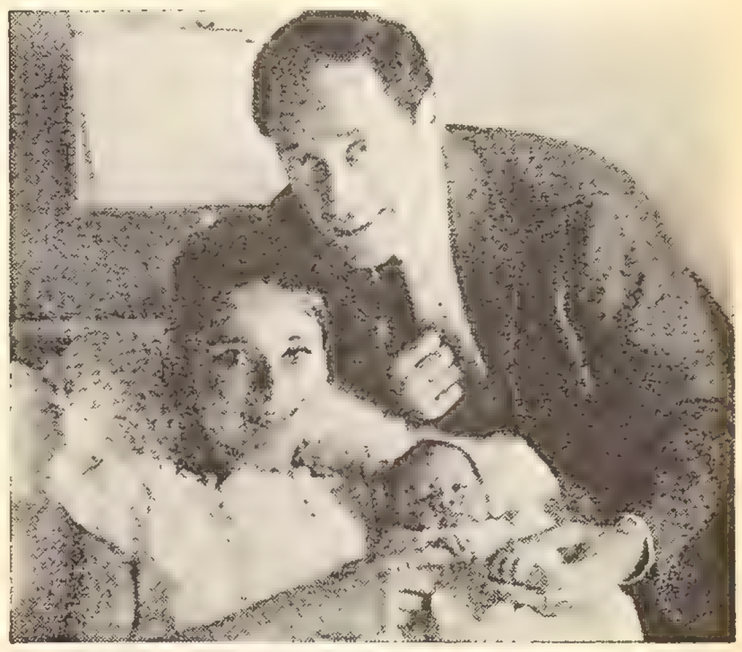


Shelley has her daughter Vittoria to think of before she marries again.

Nursery Notes

The baby that **Audrey Hepburn** wanted more than anything in the world was born on July 17th at the Lucerne Maternity Clinic in Switzerland, a strapping nine-pound boy, whom Audrey and **Mel Ferrer** promptly named Sean. Despite the fact that Audrey is so frail and delicate and a Caesarean birth had been anticipated, young Sean arrived by normal delivery. Now, at last, all the heartache that Audrey knew last year when she lost a baby, is past and forgotten in her delight over the new arrival.

And from the other side of the world, from Nassau in the Bahamas, came a happy cable from **Connie Towers** and Eugene McGrath (**Terry Moore**'s ex) that another young man, Michael Ford McGrath, had made his arrival. Mike surprised a yachting party by deciding to be born three weeks ahead of schedule. Oh, well—the Irish are always impatient.



Audrey and Mel are beaming over the birth of nine-pound first son, Sean.

Tribute to Buddy Adler

Hollywood was deeply saddened by the loss of handsome, white-haired, fifty-one-year-old Buddy Adler, executive producer of 20th Century-Fox who died of cancer of the lung in early July.

Nor was there a dry eye among those in the Temple attending his funeral services when the organ softly played *Love Is A Many Splendored Thing* and *From Here To Eternity*, the theme songs from his two greatest pictures.

He will be deeply missed and every heart goes out to his actress wife **Anita Louise** and his two children.



Producer Buddy Adler (with wife Anita Louise) will be sorely missed.



Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell postponed marriage in favor of their careers.

Cupid Takes the Count

Take heart, girls; **Bobby Darin** ran up a big telephone bill to call me from Honolulu that he and **Jo-Ann Campbell** have broken their engagement (if it was ever really on!).

"Our careers keep us separated," said Bobby from the Hawaiian isle, "the only chance Jo-Ann and I have to see each other is when I play the Copacabana in New York. What kind of a marriage would this be? It just wouldn't work out."

As for you boys who have a crush on **Connie Francis**—she too is still heart free, despite talk she could hardly wait to return to Germany to resume her romance with screen star **Peter Krauss**.

"Sure I had a crush on him when I met him in Europe," Connie told me, "and when I go back to do my special show over Luxembourg Radio, I expect to date Peter. But I'm married to my career—and I mean it."

Producer Joe Pasternak tells me that Connie is going to be just as much of a smash in the movies as she's been making records after you see and hear her in his MGM musical *Where The Boys Are*.

OUELLA PARSONS

continued



The still-strong memory of his mother kept Elvis from his father's wedding.

Why Elvis Stayed Away

I don't care what anyone says, I think the real reason **Elvis Presley** did not attend the marriage of his father, Vernon Presley, to Mrs. "Dee" Elliott in Alabama, is because the memory of his mother who died just last year is still too deep in Elvis's heart.

I don't mean to imply that there's an estrangement between Elvis and his dad and new step-mother. At heart Elvis is a sweet boy and a kind one no matter how many jibes he takes as 'Mr. Swivel Hips.' I'm sure he wants his father to be happy.

But as much as I like the Presley mentor, good old Colonel Tom Parker, I just couldn't swallow his explanation for Elvis's absence, "The boy thought the wedding should be as quiet as possible. If he had flown down to Alabama, it would have been a riot."

By the way, Paramount tells me that Elvis's *GI Blues* will have a special premiere in Heidelberg, Germany, for his buddies in the Third Armored Division.

It was while Elvis was stationed in Germany that Vernon Presley met Mrs. Elliott, the former wife of one of young Presley's superior officers.



Juliet Prowse has dated co-star Elvis Presley—but her heart belongs to Frank.

Frank and Juliet

As of the moment there's no one girl in the life of **Elvis**. Forget that talk about **Juliet Prowse,** his *GI Blues* leading lady. Sure, there was a flirtation on the set during the shooting of the picture. But Juliet's heart belongs to **Frank Sinatra.**

Frank brought her a string of matched pearls and a jade bracelet from the Orient, not that the girl is influenced by these baubles. But when she and Elvis parted the final day of the picture, they exchanged a friendly kiss on the cheek.

OPEN LETTER

to Tab Hunter:

I know you have been advised by men you consider wiser than yourself to let these "dog beating" charges die down without taking too much of a stand to fight the shocking accusations.

Someone close to you told me, "Tab has explained that he was only disciplining his thoroughbred Weimaraner hunting dog from digging up the garden as he had been *instructed* to do by an expert trainer of this breed. But how can anyone really fight charges like these—it's like the question: 'When did you stop beating your wife?'"

I can see the point—but I do *not* agree. I think you should shout from the housetops your denial that you have been cruel to a little animal, as some of your neighbors have charged, even to calling the police and instigating charges against you. I believe it is imperative that you fight back because you should read the letters that have poured into my office from irate people who have listened to just one side.

Nothing arouses the ire of all the people who love animals as much as a charge of cruelty to them. You can't take it standing still and being silent.

I happen to know that the neighbors who live right next door to you are horrified and shocked over the "beating" complaints lodged by some people who live across the street from your home in the Valley. Your next door neighbor has said, "Why Tab loves that dog! I swear he has never been cruel to him. I have a dog of my own and we frequently talk over the back fence about training our dogs and making them well behaved. I'll gladly go to court—if it should reach there—and swear to this."

You have always been known as a lover of animals, horses and dogs. If you are innocent—you must *fight back.* To do otherwise, could be dangerous to your career.



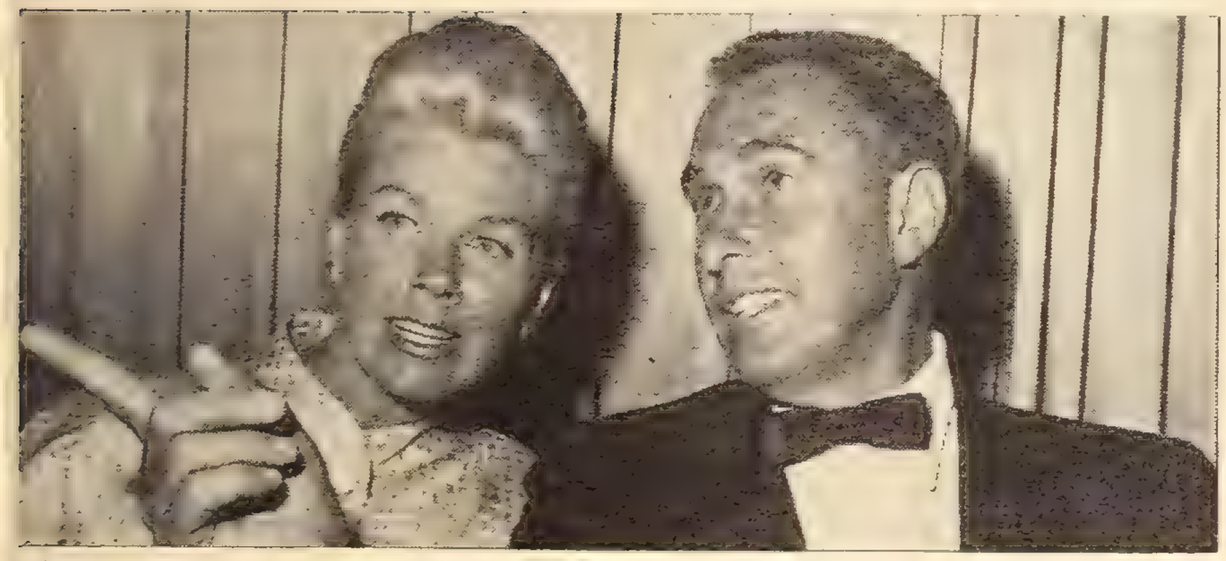
Tab should stand up to those who accuse him of cruelty to his pet dog!



A radiant Zsa Zsa Gabor came to Lana's party with Bundy Solt.



Ricardo Montalban was delighted to dance with his beautiful sister-in-law, Loretta Young.



Doris Day would play tennis all day and watch television till bedtime unless husband Marty Melcher got her to some parties.



Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman danced all night.



A sophisticated Jane Powell (with Pat Nerney) was cute!



Star Lana, producer Ross Hunter and his date Anna Kashfi were happily chatting.

Party for "Portrait in Black—and Blue

If ever a beauty was created for triumphs and troubles, it's **Lana Turner**.

What started out to be her only happy "party" night since the latest heartaches over Cheryl—the premiere of *Portrait in Black* followed by producer Ross Hunter's swank party at Romanoff's—turned into another "black" headline for Lana. Frankly, it was just a pushing skirmish between her escort, the man in her life these days, Fred May, and a well-known columnist.

May, smouldering over what he considered unfavorable comments about his love, kept yelling, "I love this girl—I love her." Well, anyway—now we know his real feelings.

Lana burst into tears asking Fred why he had done it—all of which wound up in print as a "fight" almost equally exciting as the **Ingemar Johansson**-Patterson brawl.

But before all this—it had been one of the most glamorous and star-studded social events in months. There were so many beauties in lovely summer gowns dancing every dance in the ornate Crown Room you hardly knew where to look first.

Lana, a portrait in pale pink, was on everyone's tongue the way she keeps her blonde beauty both on and off the screen. Early in the evening she had seemed so happy dancing cheek to cheek with the good-looking, handsome young May.

At our table sat two outstanding lovelies, the dark, exotic **Anna Kashfi** (the ex-Mrs. **Marlon Brando** was producer Hunter's date) and blonde, lovely **Dina Merrill**.

You so seldom see **Loretta Young** at a party that she caught every eye dancing with her brother-in-law **Ricardo Montalban** and her favorite designer, Jean Louis. Loretta's gown was a floor length smoky-colored chiffon which swirled and flowed around her slender figure as she twirled.

Doris Day, her hair swept into a smooth "beehive" around her head and wearing an Oriental-type white gown and coat, laughed when I accused her of suddenly becoming a social butterfly. "Not really," she protested, "Marty (her ever lovin' husband, Marty Melcher) just comes down to our tennis court and gets the hook to make me go out. He thinks I should. But left to my own devices, I'd play tennis, have dinner early looking at TV, and go to bed every night at ten!"

Redheaded **Janet Blair**, usually so conservative, caused a few surprised gasps of admiration from the males, by a long dress but just a little above the knee, "—the most daring I've ever owned," she admitted.

Jane Powell, another going sophisticated these evenings, was in short red strapless taffeta, still looking "cute" (she'll hate me for saying that). I never before realized how witty and amusing Pat Nerney, her husband, is. I sat between Pat and Ross Hunter and they certainly kept the conversation lively.

Despite gossip that he is madly in love with **Kipp Hamilton**, **Efrem Zimbalist** came "stag." **Susan Kohner** wasn't with her "steady" either. **George Hamilton** was out of town so Susan's escort was Jim Shelton.

Ringsiding at the candle-lit tables with centerpieces of pink roses and peonies were the **Robert Taylors**; **George Nader** with Pat McCullogh; the **Robert Cummings**; the **Vincent Prices**; **Craig Stevens** and **Alexis Smith**, the **Art Linkletters**, the **Charles Coburns**, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** and Bundy Solt, **Jeanne Crain** and Paul Brinkman, the **Ronnie Reagans**—truly a star turnout.



Troy Donahue brought his sister to the party, and she interviewed Louella!



Jimmy Boyd and Yvonne Craig planned to marry in just one week.



Tony Aquaviva is proud of his wife Joni James' success. (That's the real Joni standing on a table in the center.)

Jimmy McHugh's Party for Joni

If all the singers who came to Jimmy McHugh's garden party for **Joni James** and her husband Tony Aquaviva, had burst into song at the same time, it would have been the most expensive chorus ever heard. Practically every top composer was there, so any record company would have had a field day.

That wasn't all—the younger set was out in full force to welcome Joni before she opened at the Cocoanut Grove. **Fabian**, who spent most of his time with Judy McHugh, granddaughter of the host, brought his young brother Bobby, fourteen. **Natalie Trundy**, who has more freckles than I have ever seen, was with **Mark Damon**. His frequent date, **Jack Benny**'s daughter Joan, was with another handsome escort, whose name I didn't get.

Troy Donahue brought his mother and fifteen-year-old sister who told me she is a columnist. "I have a column twice a week," she said, "and I'm going to write about you." She's pretty as a picture. **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** was having himself a time with **Asa Maynor**. He's so happy these days, now that his troubles with Warner Bros. are over.

Jimmy Boyd and **Yvonne Craig**, who should be married by the time this is in print because they planned to marry the week end after Jimmy's party, looked very happy.

David Janssen, who really doesn't belong to the younger crowd although he is only twenty-nine, created quite a dash when he walked in with his Ellie. **Patti Page** and Joni James talked songs and who recorded what first. **Irene Dunne** always gets a lot of admiring glances, even from the younger set.

When **Audrey Meadows** and her sister **Jayne** (Allen) walked in with **Steve Allen** and Robert Six, Audrey asked me if I could tell them apart. You know the funny thing is that I don't think they look too much alike anymore.



Guests of honor Tony and Joni (left) chatted with Kookie and Asa Maynor.



Cute, freckle-faced Natalie Trundy was escorted by actor Mark Damon.

$25,000 Roman Orgy —Hollywood Style

"I wish the fans could see us *now*," whispered **Jack Lemmon** in my ear as we sat in a Roman-Grecian decorated cabana beside the flower-strewn swimming pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel which, this night, millionaire-producer Joe Levine and his wife had turned into a $25,000 party-plug for *Hercules Unchained*.

I knew what Jack meant. This lavish splurge was just exactly what some fans think Hollywood life *really* is: There were beautiful models (hired for the evening) lounging in white and gold Grecian style bathing suits on gold satin lounges around the pool; Hercules-type young Adonises (also models, of the male gender) were strolling around in gold-colored trunks and little else; floating in the enormous pools were veritable islands of the most gorgeous flowers, so abundant that their fragrance scented the air.

Completely modern, however, were the four bars serving everything under the moon to drink, the gold fountains spraying *champagne*, and table after table groaning with the finest food and fruits our generous hosts could find.

Rooms overlooking the pool from the hotel were jammed with wide-eyed tourists who must have been saying to themselves—"See? I told you life in Hollywood was like this!"

Jack Lemmon had come alone (who wants to bring a date to even a fake 'orgy') and he was the delight of the 'Grecian' beauties who asked him for his autograph when they weren't splashing in and out of the pool.

Certainly for lavish outlay—Hollywood may never see another evening like this. Even a big paper moon came over the hibiscus bushes to cast glamor over **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, **Dana Wynter**, **Barbara Rush**, **Barbara Nichols** and all the other goggle-eyed guests who all said, "This is the party the public would *pay* to look in on!"



Jack Lemmon came stag to the 'orgy' and delighted the 'Grecians!'



Mitzi Gaynor got quite a lift from two muscular young Adonises.



As Barbara Nichols said, "This is the party people would pay to look in on!"





—Ina Balin

She's already being hailed as the only one of the new actresses to give promise of being a great glamour star along the lines of an **Ava Gardner** or a **Lana Turner**. That's how the critics have greeted her sexy and glamorous performance as the "other woman" in *From The Terrace* with **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward**.

Amusingly, Joanne and Paul and Ina are the best of friends off screen. Calling themselves "immigrants from New York," they lived in the same apartment building during the filming of the 20th picture. Either in Joanne and Paul's big apartment or Ina's small one, they spent almost every evening together going over their "lines" over homemade dinners of hamburgers and coffee.

Also like the Newmans, Ina had her professional roots in the New York theater—she was a big hit in *Compulsion* on Broadway—before 20th Century-Fox grabbed her for pictures. Ina was a little nervous about giving Hollywood a "second" chance.

She had been one of the actresses in the running for *Marjorie Morningstar* and thought she had it clinched before she read in my column one morning that the (then) coveted role had gone to **Natalie Wood**! A bit bitter and cynical she had returned to Broadway and *Compulsion* before Hollywood paged her again.

Ina, a dark-haired, exciting-type beauty need have no farther fears since her reviews in *Terrace*. At the age of twenty-two, she seems to have completely conquered two fields, the stage and the screen.

Born Ina Sandra Rosenberg in Brooklyn, New York, she can't remember when she wasn't stage struck. Used to baby sit to earn money for dramatic coaching when she was just thirteen. She came up the usual route, summer stock, some modeling, then TV, before hitting good roles in *Bus Stop*, *Compulsion* and *Majority of One*.

Too bad, Broadway—it looks like Ina's in Hollywood to stay.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*





Some stars, like Ava Gardner and William Holden, have pulled up stakes in the USA and moved to Europe to save taxes. Louella's against it.



Louella has found Fabian to be a charming young boy, hard working, and not conceited.



Louella will explain Sandra Dee's attitude about glamour, etc., soon.



Bing and Gary surely are not feuding here: Bing came during Gary's Vegas stint.



LETTER BOX

"What is your honest opinion of stars like ***William Holden, Ava Gardner*** *and some others who have pulled up stakes in their native USA and moved to Europe to save taxes? I was shocked to read that Holden refused to star in a picture made in Hollywood and give work to his countrymen—because he doesn't want to spoil his 'residence' set up in Europe,"* blasts MRS. VERNON DEVORE, ATLANTA. My honest opinion? I'm very much against such conduct on the part of American actors. . . .

MAE BELLE MARKS, DETROIT, who says she is seventeen, writes: *How can a girl as young as* ***Sandra Dee*** *admit in print that she has spent as much as $1,500 on clothes on a single shopping jaunt? Sounds to me that someone should be helping Sandra save her money.* (I have an interview coming up in MODERN SCREEN on Sandra which will explain her attitude on investing in glamour—and other things, Mae Belle. Look for it. . . .

Do you deny that you favor ***Fabian*** *above* ***Bobby Darin, Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon*** *and other young singers?* snaps GLORIA O'DELL of FT. WORTH. I sincerely try not to favor any of the youngsters. I like them all. I have just found Fabian to be a charming young boy, modest, hard working and not at all conceited—very likeable qualities, you must admit. . . .

RICHARD MEERS, NEW YORK, postcards: *Is it true* ***Kim Novak*** *is so ill she will never make another movie?* No, no, *no!* Kim had a siege of hepatitis—but she is much improved and will make many more movies. . . .

You keep saying that the family fight between the ***Crosby*** *boys and* ***Bing*** *is all settled. How come then that we continue to read magazine stories in which* ***Gary*** *criticizes (a mild word for it) his dad?* asks BILL BATTENBURG, PHILADELPHIA. Don't understand it myself.

MRS. ADELAIDE HANHEIMER, BROOKLYN, writes: *Someone should speak to* ***Debbie Reynolds*** *about marrying Harry Karl.* How do you mean that—speak *for* or *against* it?

My mother tells me that she read that ***Dolores Hart*** *dates only on week ends and goes to bed at ten o'clock other nights. Is this true or is my mother just trying to sell me the old-fashioned idea that young girls should stay home five nights a week?* asks PEGGY POTTER, MILWAUKEE. It's true, Peggy, that Dolores dates only on week ends—but that's because she's usually working in a movie and believes in getting her beauty sleep for the cameras. . . .

DOTTIE DONALDSON, SEATTLE, has a problem: *I am a nice-looking girl except for very bad skin. I have been told that movie actresses have many secrets for keeping their skin good. Can you tell me some of them?* If your skin is really bad, Dottie, I suggest you consult a good dermatologist in your home town. Don't accept tips on treatments or "sure fire" cures. Get expert medical advice. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

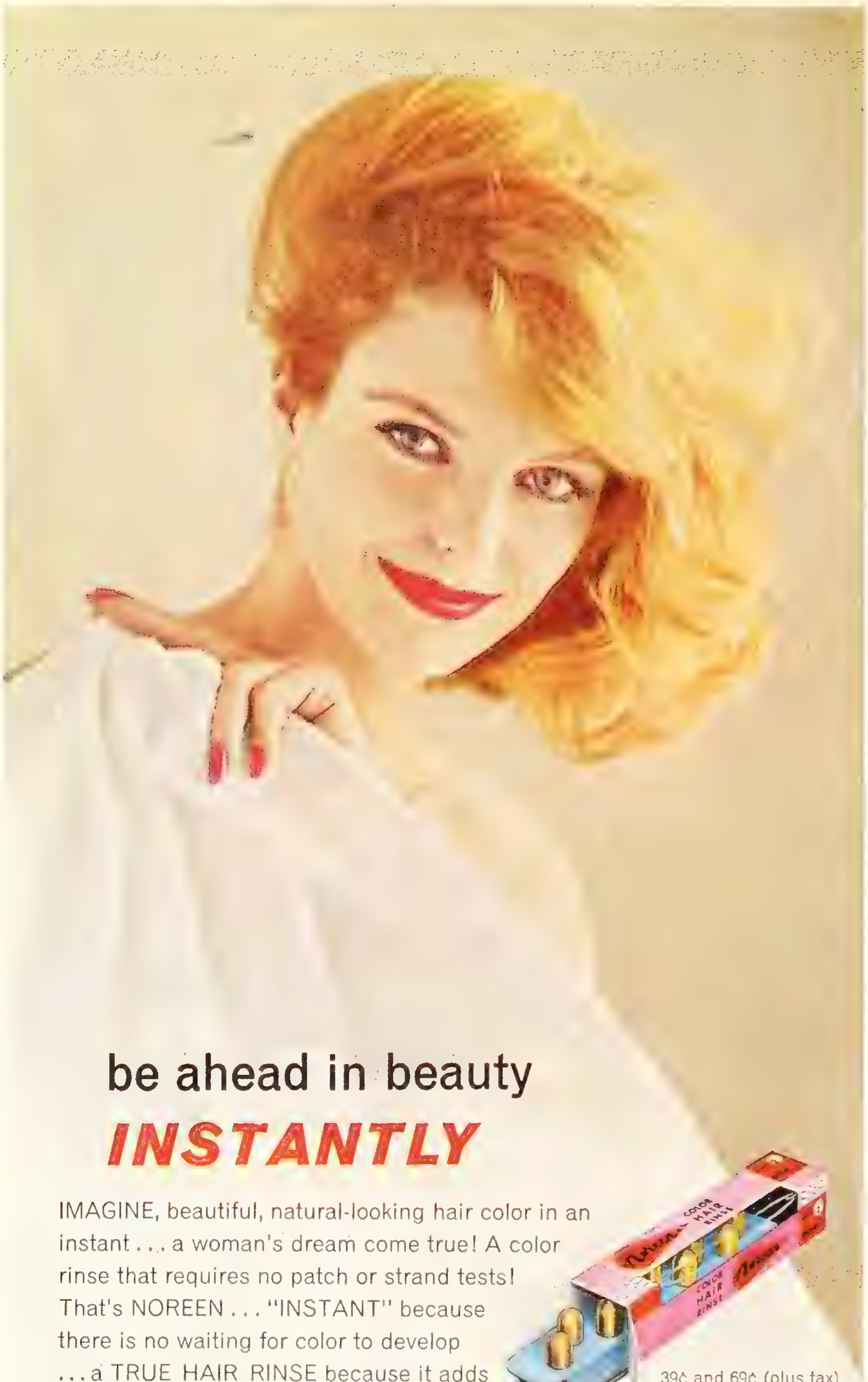
Louella O Parsons

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GRAND SALON AT PIERRE CARDIN IN PARIS

I dreamed I covered the Paris Collections in my maidenform* bra

I wore an original, too! New ARABESQUE*—the bra that tops the whole Paris picture! Bias-cut insert between the cups for *superb* separation, uncanny (almost *custom*) fit. Noteworthy: flowered circular stitching combines hand-embroidered look with newly defined contour. Excitement . . . high! Price . . . low! White, A, B and C cups, 2.50. *Pre-shaped* ARABESQUE* (with light foam lining) 3.50. At stores everywhere.

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OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is the opal and your flower is the calendula. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

October 1—**Stella Stevens**
Laurence Harvey
George Peppard

October 4—**Charlton Heston**

October 5—**Peter Brown**
Skip Homeier

October 7—**Glynis Johns**

October 10—**Helen Hayes**
Richard Jaeckel

October 13—**Laraine Day**
Yves Montand
Roger Moore
Cornel Wilde

October 16—**Angela Lansbury**

October 17—**Julie Adams**
Jean Arthur
Rita Hayworth
Montgomery Clift

October 18—**Inger Stevens**

October 20—**Barrie Chase**
Dolores Hart

October 22—**Joan Fontaine**
Annette Funicello

October 23—**Diana Dors**

October 24—**David Nelson**

October 25—**Anthony Franciosa**

October 27—**Teresa Wright**

October 28—**Suzy Parker**

October 31—**Barbara Bel Geddes**
Michael Landon



June Allyson
October 7



Janet Gaynor
October 16



George Nader
October 19



Jack Carson
October 27

EXCLUSIVE

AMERICAN PUBLICATION

UNCENSORED

shockingly frank

MAY BRITT'S OWN STORY

my love affair
and marriage
to a negro...





I am blonde, white, Swedish, Protes
tant, and Sammy Davis is negro, a
Jew; instead of hating each other,
we love each other. So we have de-
cided to get married, after Septem-
ber 28th next, namely when my divor
from my first husband has become
actual. Every time that a Negro
makes up his mind to marry a white woman, a deep,
morbid concern is created around them, especially
in the United States, where unfortunately very dee
race barriers still exist. Then any time that a
Negro and a white woman, who are very well known,
speak of marriage, the world seems to divide into
two opposite factions, both of them well trained u
both of them very strong, both of them alleging
reasons seemingly valid. But all these unknown
people, who want to thrust their nose into other
people's life, give the impression of not realiz-
ing that, if a Negro and a white woman have made
up their mind to get married, this is an evident
proof that they love each other. If they have de-
cided to take this step, in spite the difference
of race, their love is certainly much greater than
that of many other people, who are willing to get
married, because they belong to the same race, but
perhaps they would not do so, if they were of diff
rent race. Now I should like to ask all the be-
trothed of the same race this question: would you
marry your play boy or your play girl, if he or sh
were of different races? If their answer is posi-
tive, I should be led to presume that theirs is a
real love, but if their answer were negative, I
should say that their love is relative, or in any

case subject to conditions. As we belong to two different religions, we have made up our minds that our children may grow and choose the religion they feel like professing the more, without any constraint whatsoever and without any hurry. As both of us have wished to have our own family for a long time, both of us want a tranquil, calm, usual life with a brood of cheerful children around us.
Sammy has told a journalist, who put the question of children before him, that he did not want to be anxious about their skin colour: It does not matter, whether they are black, white or spotted because we shall be their parents and we will consider them all only as our children. Many people may have the impression that all this is disconcerting and excessive, but, joking apart, this is our way of how to face a marriage. We are quite aware that, loving each other and getting married we shall have difficult problems to solve and many obstacles to overcome. We have already asked ourselves these questions and they have been the object of our considerations. We are quite convinced therefore, that our marriage will be one of the happiest. It is possible we may happen to find hotels, where we are not allowed to stay as husband and wife, there may be some States of the U.S.A. where we will not be received in the families, there may be public places, where we will be obliged to part, owing to the different colour of our skin. Well, let it be so, we will avoid to frequent these hotels, these places, these friends and it will not be a great sacrifice for any of us. Some one thinks that, if I marry Sammy, in many States and towns my films will be prevented from

(Continued on page 78)



a tragic Princess tries to rebuild her shattered life

It had been a strange little party at the Palace that night. Grace, the Princess, had had a headache. Rainier, the Prince, had been moody over some business transaction gone wrong during the day. Their guests, a Count from here, a ship owner from there, their overdressed and underdressed ladies —nobody had seemed in proper spirits that night.

The strange little party was over now.

The guests were gone.

And Grace and Rainier were in their huge bedroom now, quiet, not talking, Grace seated at her vanity, listlessly brushing her hair, Rainier seated in a chair near the bed, looking through a large folder of contracts and complicated legal documents that perched upon his lap.

After a while, Grace's maid knocked and entered the room.

She told her Princess that a long distance call, from Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., had just been received at the Palace switchboard.

"Would Madame like to take it in the sitting room as usual?" she asked, in French.

(*Continued on page 56*)



I'LL NEVER SING



■ I'm quitting the Lawrence Welk Show as soon as Dick Gass and I get married.
He got out of the paratroopers in June and we'll get married this month.
That will give us plenty of time to fix up our home. Dick's family moved into a larger house a year or so ago and he bought the two-bedroom home they'd had and he's been renting it out. So that means we have our own home to move into—how many people our age have that? We're going to paint it from top to bottom and Dick's going to make some furniture; he's so handy, he can build or do anything, and I'll make curtains.
Yes, Mr. Welk knows I'm going to quit. He's a family man and he's so happy for me. The other girls will get on very well as a trio. Janet and I (Continued on page 54)

AGAIN!

by Dianne
the future Mrs. Gass
Lennon



Debbie Admits

■ A few days ago MODERN SCREEN'S Louella Parsons asked Debbie the big question: "Are you going to marry Harry Karl?" Debbie answered clearly: "I have no plans to marry . . . I'm going to think a long time before I marry anyone." Despite this, Debbie and Harry have fooled

(Continued on page 70)

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR MAKE-BELIEVE ROMANCE



DISGRACE



AT GRACELAND

The whole story of Elvis' feud with his father ov



■ When Elvis Presley returned from the Army in March to Graceland, his Memphis mansion, a profound and disturbing change in his life was in the making. The hullabaloo of his return kept the disquieting element in the background—because all was happiness and gaiety and laughter now that Elvis was home.

The change in his life: his father's love interest, Mrs. Devada (Dee) Elliott, 34, a blonde, pretty, shapely and the mother of three young children, who had met Vernon Presley and had divorced her Army husband.

Elvis, an only child (his twin brother died at birth), had always been close to his parents. He would have done anything for them —and did. They were as close as parents and child could be.

What Elvis was having a hard time adjusting to, when he returned to Memphis after the filming of *GI Blues*, was that his father was still a young man at 44, lonely and attractive, very much in need of love.

(*Continued on page 82*)



a woman—including the first exclusive magazine interview with Dee Elliott Presley herself...!

A few days before public announcement of their break-up, the candid camera records a final, touching family moment on the Arizona ranch of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger: Jean holds back the tears as daughter Tracy, too young to understand why they must part, kisses her daddy good-bye . . .

THE SADDEST PICTURE OF THE  YEAR

A few weeks after the tender parting scene pictured here, little Tracy was striding around grandly in a suite she shared with her mother at London's Dorchester Hotel. She looked so adorable in her new formal English riding habit that Jean couldn't resist a proud smile. The fitted jodhpurs on the child's chubby little legs were so unlike the jeans she was used to wearing on the ranch when she'd ride out on the vast Arizona acres with her father. Sometimes–and Jean smiled tenderly at the memory–Tracy would sit on the same horse with Stewart holding the reins while he guided her hand gently, taking care that the horse didn't jounce her too hard. Now that she (Continued on page 68)

EDDIE NAMED

The tender,
heartfilled story
of his
adoption of the
daughter of
Elizabeth Taylor
and
Mike Todd



FATHER OF LIZA

■ Liza Frances Todd was only seven months old when her famous father, Mike Todd, met a spectacular end in a plane crash over Grant, New Mexico. Her mother, the beautiful queen of the American cinema, Elizabeth Taylor, was spared from the same fate by the fortuitous fact of a serious cold which kept her homebound that blustery March day three years ago.

Liza was too young then to perceive the grief that had befallen her and her mother. She was still surrounded by love and attention. If she missed that mock-stern voice of her father's calling her "sweet monkey," she could not communicate her loss to anyone. Besides, Mama was there, hugging her to pieces and bathing her tiny face in warm kisses. Liza never knew that those moist kisses were mingled with tears of anguish.

Then there was all the traveling and two big brothers to tease her and please her every whim. Then the first steps into Mama's arms, the first word "Mama"—for the beautiful lady who played for hours on end with her. The kind soft voice that encouraged a baby to smile, crinkling nose and mouth and bringing a sparkle of love to those magnificent blue eyes so like her late father's.

Then it was talking time. Words put together like magic. Words that could bring squeals of pleasure and pride from beautiful Mama. Words that Mama said over and over again so little Liza could learn. Mama telling Liza about little puppies and kittens and pretty blue birds, pointing out the floppy tail, the tickling whiskers, the soft feathers and explaining each over and over as if the words had as much meaning for the tiny two-year-old as they did for Mama herself.

That was the secret, of course. Mama felt Liza could understand and Liza *did* understand. Mama never talked itty-bitty baby talk. She said words of love, of instruction, of happiness, of pride, of soothing, of prayer in her grown-up way so Liza could learn how to grow up too.

Then there was the day that Mama looked so very beautiful in moss green chiffon with lots of people kissing her. Liza wanted to kiss her Mama too. She was like a fairy tale princess, too unreal to be true. But when Mama saw her, she stooped to scoop her up in her arms, crushing the lovely dress and flowers and not caring one single bit. Then Mama took (*continued on page 78*)





THE NUN I HATED

An extraordinary account from Connie Stevens of her life as a tough little girl in a Catholic School

New Jersey, Connie thought, looking out the bus window—*they might as well have sent me to China!* She remembered her father's words: "It's a good school you're going to, Connie. Daddy's gotta pay a lot of money to send you. But it's a good place, Catholic, with good nuns, and you'll meet nice friends there, young ladies, with manners, and good backgrounds." She remembered her own words: "Please don't send me. I wanna stay in Brooklyn." And she remembered the words of one of her girlfriends: "Just be mean and tough with all those creeps and you'll see how fast they'll send you back."

The bus stopped, in front of the school. And Connie, clutching her valise, got out.

On the porch of the main building she bumped into a girl, about her own age, with short hair, unlike hers, and a pretty dress, unlike hers.

"Are you the new student?" the girl asked, smiling, in that ritzy New (*Continued on page 72*)



A MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL FAMILY-SERVICE SECTION



THE

In these troubled times the divorce rate rises every day—especially in Hollywood. We at MODERN SCREEN, who are so close to the problems of the stars and (thanks to your letters) of our readers, find ourselves increasingly distressed by this situation. Is there some small way, we wondered, in which we might help stop this alarming increase of broken homes across our nation? After talking with hundreds of stars—married and divorced—we learned that many, far too many couples begin marriage thinking life together will be all sugar and spice and everything nice—and when doubts and despairs set in (as they must) they assume their marriage has failed. If we could only show such people, we decided, that doubts and despairs are a natural part of marriage, that the best, most lasting and loving marriages are never free of them—then perhaps some humpty-dumpty home somewhere might be put together again, and our small effort would have been worthwhile. With this in mind, we've chosen eight wives among the hundreds we talked with, to reveal the sorts and degrees of problems marriages run into. Your own problems will of course be different, but for the good wife the point is always: problems are what a marriage runs *into* and not *away from!* We would appreciate your comments after reading the stories beginning on the next page.

David Myers









WIFE

GOOD







THE GOOD WIFE CAN TRUST HER HUSBAND



ROSELLE COMO



LIVE WITH A CONFIRMED BACHELOR



GLORIA STEWART



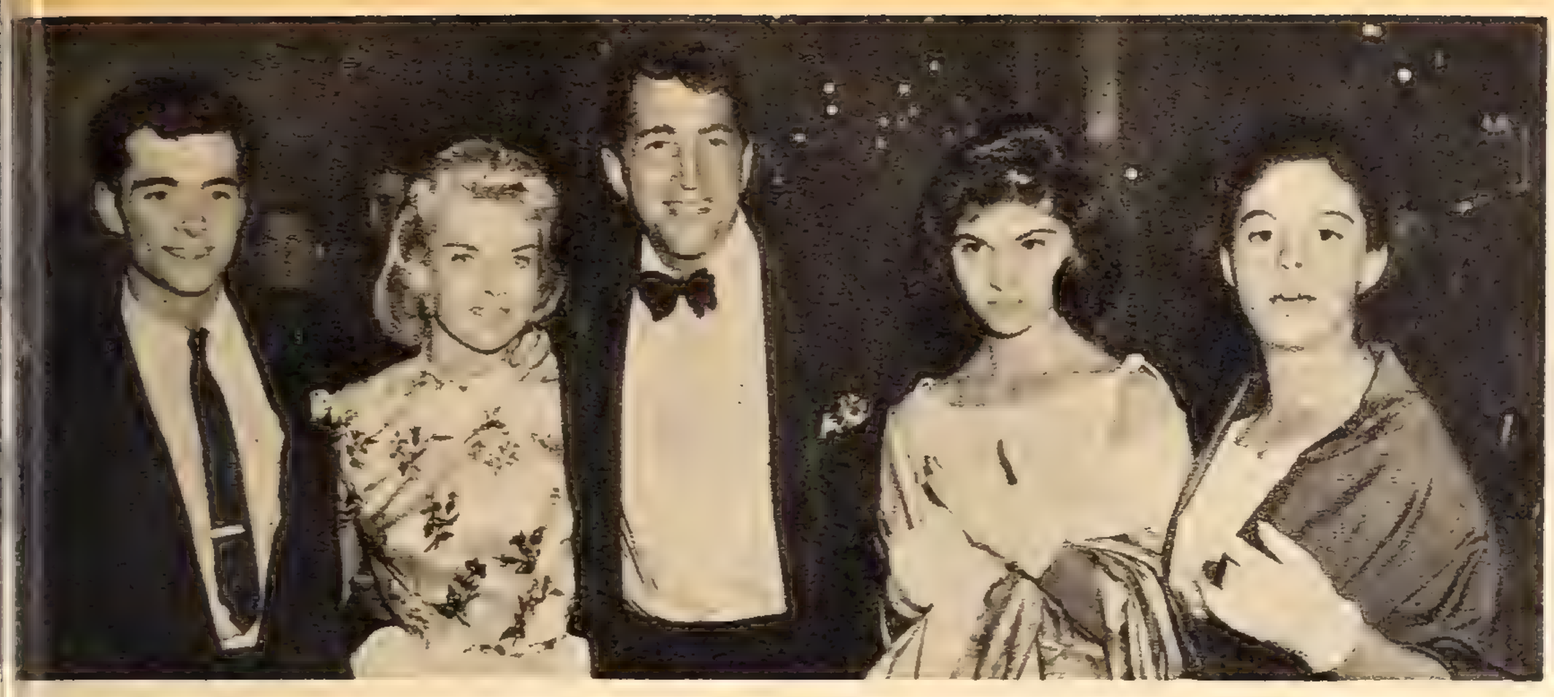
JANET CURTIS

HELP HER MAN THROUGH EMOTIONAL TURMOIL

LYDIA HESTON



GIVE UP HER CAREER



JEANNE MARTIN

LOVE ANOTHER WOMAN'S CHILDREN

BEAR LONG SEPARATIONS...



SHIRLEY PARKER



SHIRLEY BOONE

TAKE ANY CHANCE

BE PROUD

IN THE FACE

OF SHAME

DOROTHY MITCHUM



Dean Martin says it's easy to raise seven kids: "The older children pass on the clothes; we keep the crib and the high chair for the next kids; we never throw anything away."

Dean makes everything look easy, even his second marriage, to petite blonde Jeanne Biegger, in 1949. But for Jeanne, it has been no joke to raise their three children, plus Dean's four children by his first marriage.

Jeanne was thrust into the difficult and usually thankless role of a stepmother when Dean's first wife lost custody of Craig, Claudia, Dena and Gail, who then moved in with Dean and Jeanne. (*Continued on page 76*)

letter to a loneley girl from a lonely boy

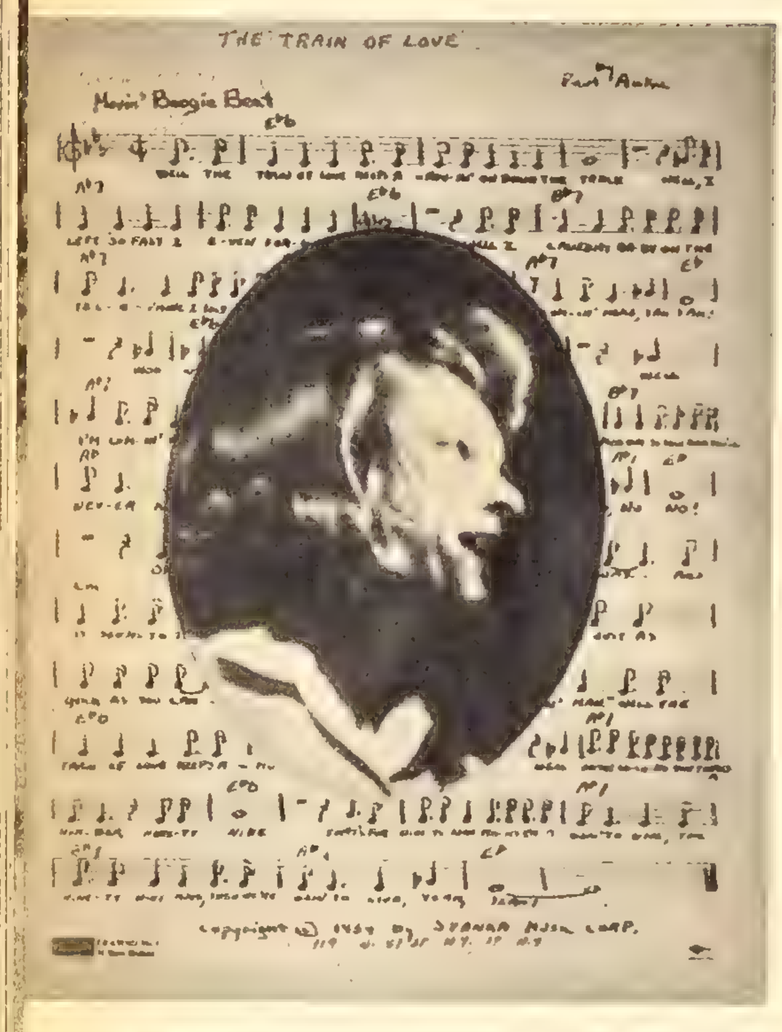


Dear Someone:

I'm Paul Anka. I'm writing this open letter because I guess you might say I have no one right now to write a "closed," private letter to. I'm hoping that someone who reads this may turn out to be "the" one.

So I'd like to just ramble on here a few minutes and tell you about myself and my feelings. . . .

(Continued on next page)



Isn't it funny how a lot of song lyrics really tell the truth about people's feelings? I like listening to a song because something happens to me—inside. And I like writing songs because I can let out my feelings.

This summer, for instance, I knew something was missing from my life, because I was moody and blue. Now, don't get me wrong. I know I'm lucky in many ways. I'm healthy, and I have the most wonderful family, and adults say I'm very successful. But what was success, I asked myself. Success brings fame, fortune. Is this enough to make a person's life worthwhile?

So I wrote a song about the deep feelings in my heart . . .

I'm just a lonely boy,
Lonely and blue.
I'm all alone
With nothing to do.

(Continued on page 63)

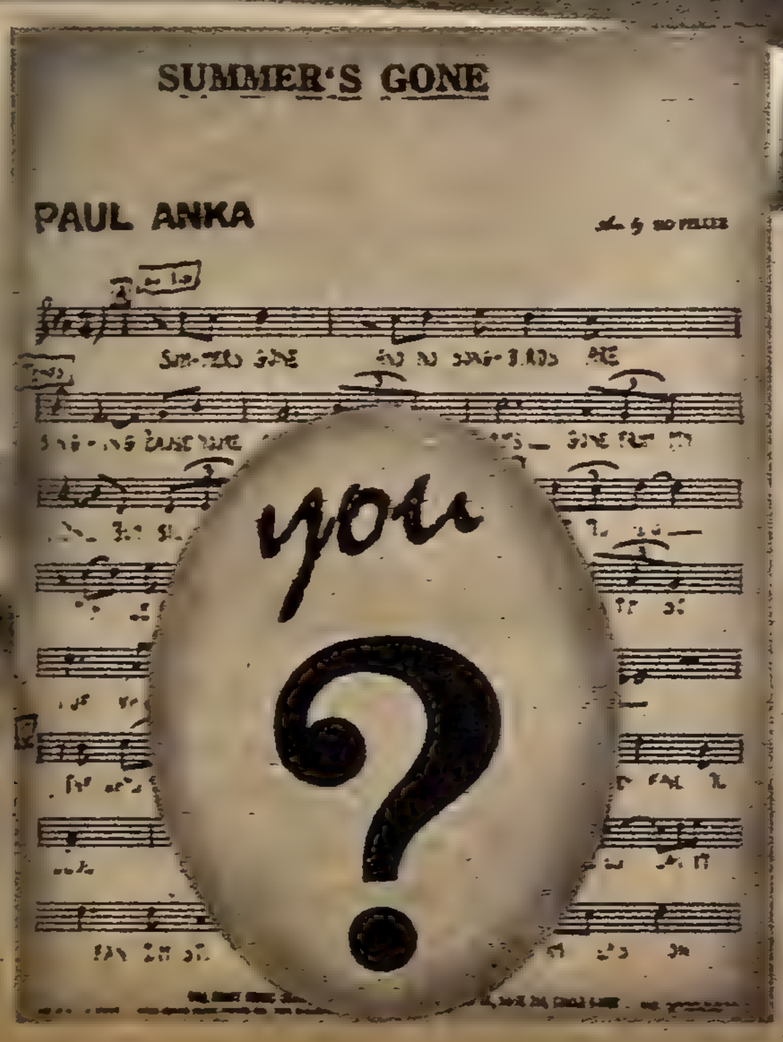






"Behind every
love-song
I've written was
a real girl.
But now
there's no one,
and so I've written
Summer's Gone." I hope
some girl somewhere
hearing my new
song will understand
my loneliness
and answer my letter."

—Paul Anka



A WIDOW'S

Bogie is dead, Lauren Bacall keeps telling herself....Jason looks like Bogie and talks like Bogie, but my heart is in the grave, isn't it? Isn't it?





TORMENT



■ On January 14, 1957, the unyielding killer, cancer, robbed Lauren Bacall of the love that shielded her from the cruelties of the world, and took from her the one man in her life, Humphrey Bogart.

The days that followed were bleak and empty, and the memories that haunted her made her finally sell the Holmby Hills house that love built.

(*Continued on page 75*)

earth girls

attention

ONE LIVE,

FAIRY GOD-



EXPERIENCED MOTHER

The most exciting thing in the world (or out of it) has just happened at Modern Screen. We've captured alive and are now holding in our offices a genuine Fairy Godmother—the same one who, you remember, many years ago visited poor, lonely, dusty, little Cinderella, and with a few strokes of her magic wand made her a princess. Impossible? Ridiculous? That's what we thought too, so we put our captive to the test: we took her downtown in a taxi to visit a poor, lonely, dusty, little mouse of a girl who, like Cinderella, was hard at work as a maid in a humble cottage. (The humble cottage belonged to our editor, by the way, and the maid's name was Evelyn.) Well, out came the magic wand and quick as a flash Evelyn became a princess. We knew no one would believe what actually happened, so we took pictures of the extraordinary event, and will publish them in next month's Modern Screen. Whatever you do, don't miss the next issue, or the one after that, or after that, or after that, because every month in Modern Screen the Fairy Godmother (whose earth name is Fran Hodges) has agreed to perform one of her miracles. Meanwhile, turn the page for a personal message from the Fairy Godmother herself

(Continued on next page)

interested in performing miracles for you



1960
earth
girls

Yes, my darlings, that's the way it happened . . . And it's pleased and proud I am to be around as chief Fairy Godmother, free every month to work a whole new batch of magic on some Cinderella who might happen to need my attention.



But, don't be taken in by all that talk of "wand-waving"—I'm a modern, 1960-type Fairy Godmother. All the ingredients for my magic make-overs will be easily available to every one of you—as near as the corner drugstore or your favorite department store, as simple to reach for as the telephone. I plan to tell you all of my secrets so that, wherever you are, you may use them to do your own miracles.

I'll
let you
in on



From lipsticks to lingerie . . . from home-permanents to high fashion . . . from perfume vial to undercover style . . . you'll get the word, how to use our new MODERN CINDERELLA beauty-fashion portfolio to make your own dreams come true.

And, my dears, if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, please don't hesitate to drop me a line . . . I'll be around, working on a new miracle. . . .

all my
secrets



See you in these pages next month.

Fran Hodge

A LOVABLE® Bra is a gift of beauty

To each her own . . . three differently padded contours that give just-right glamour, shaping and new rounded beauty... and at such beautifully low prices!

Small? "Add-Vantage" *(left)* has medium-firm foam padded cups with new "soft touch" lining to add comfort to contour! White. **$2.**

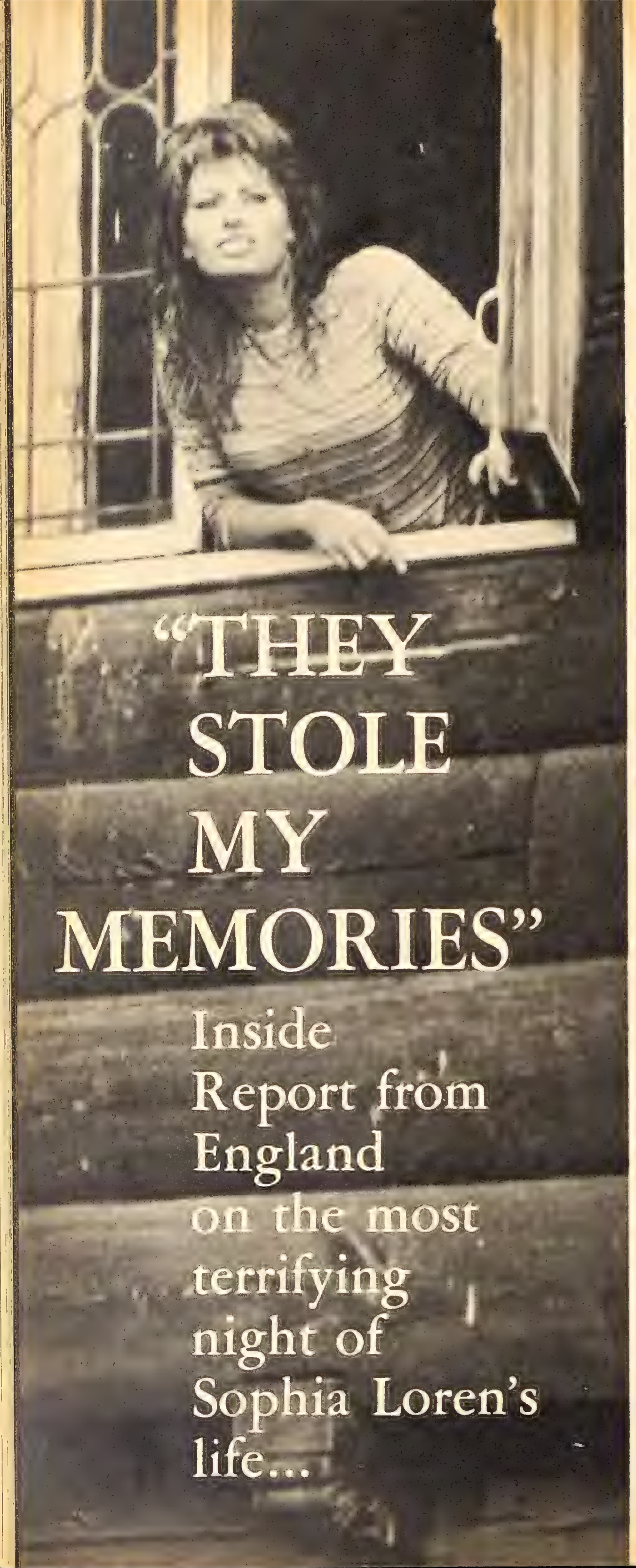
between? "Interplay," with light foam oured shell to round out your figure. Defines es beautifully! White or black. **$1.50**

Very small? "Add-a-Pad" has full foam pads, removable, that add so much beauty to your contour. White or black. **$1.50**

Lovable

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

The Lovable Brassiere Company
New York 16. Los Angeles 1
Sold in Canada and throughout the worl
Ask for Lovable girdles, to



"THEY STOLE MY MEMORIES"

Inside Report from England on the most terrifying night of Sophia Loren's life...



Scotland Yard organized a thorough investigation, but the thief remains at large.

■ When Sophia Loren became the victim of the greatest jewel robbery in England's history, there were people who were inclined to pooh-pooh the whole situation with something like, "Oh well, she's a big movie star, she makes lots of money to buy more."

But, as Sophia Loren frantically sobbed out her story to a Scotland Yard inspector and said, "Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories," there were few who could share her bitter memories. Like that of the oh so shabbily dressed little girl who stood in a muddy Naples street watching a big chauffeur-driven car, carrying an elegantly dressed woman with two magnificent strands of pearls around her throat. As the car drove away and splashed mud on the only dress she owned, the girl vowed that one day she would have a big car and driver—and she would have pearls. Three strands.

And the little girl, Sophia Scicolone, grew up to be movie star Sophia Loren and she kept her vow. Each movie brought new fame, new riches, hosts of admirers—and with each success, Sophia acquired some precious new jewel, that would hold a memory fast in its flashing depths.

So, just this past May 27th, when the headlines in papers round the world screamed the news that over half a million dollars worth of jewels had been taken from the chalet where Sophia was living, called the Norwegian Barn, what couldn't be recorded were the emotions of a woman who felt that she faced the greatest tragedy of her life.



This is the drawing room where Sophia, her husband and her staff sat leisurely talking and enjoying a nightcap, never dreaming that all the while a clever thief lurked upstairs.



They're gone, these jewels, these and all her precious mementoes of her brilliant rise from poverty.

The heartbreak had already begun when Scotland Yard man Eric Shepherd was roused from a sound sleep, at 12:21 a.m., Sunday, May 29th.

"This is Sophia Loren," said the voice on the telephone.

"Yes?" Shepherd's eyebrows went up a fraction.

"My jewels . . . stolen. . . ." Her words came fast and frantically. The voice was filled with grief—and something else. Fright.

At the Norwegian Barn, Sophia Loren was standing in a dark upstairs corridor, clutching the telephone. The cord of the bedroom extension was taut, strained to capacity, as she pulled the instrument as far as she could into the hallway. She could hear her husband Carlo and her manager, Bascilio Francina, as they searched the loft. She wanted to be as near as possible to their voices and, at the same time, become invisible in the corner of the hall. She was afraid "he," the thief, would return, armed and in panic. She was afraid he would shoot her.

She'd dialed 999, Police Emergency.

"What number are you calling from?" an operator had asked. Somehow, she'd managed to remember it. Moments later, she was through to the nearest police station with a Scotland Yard office, telling the details, trying to be coherent.

When her call had been transferred to Shepherd, an automatic alert went out from the Golders Green switchboard—to radio cars, ports of embarkation, police stations throughout the country. The men who handled the police dogs were awakened at their homes, instructed to proceed to the estate. Assuring Sophia that help would arrive soon, Shepherd dressed and started for the scene of the crime.

He arrived at 1:00 a.m. Policemen with their dogs were already at work, searching the grounds. Officers in uniform stood in front of the doorway. Ponti and Francina were in the drawing room, speaking in bursts of rapid Italian. Their search had been futile. Shepherd introduced himself, expressed his sympathy, then asked, "Now, tell me where it happened."

"It was upstairs. . . ."

"Let's go up and look around. . . ."

They were met by the blue-jean clad figure of Sophia. Her eyes were red from weeping. She showed them into the bedroom. It was a small room, with a little alcove at the far end. A blue and gilt Italian chest of drawers stood beneath the only window, a few feet from the door. The top drawer was open. It was evident that the lock had been forced. The window was open, too. Looking out, the superintendent saw a light. "What's that?" he asked them.

"A little house. A gardener uses it. He comes and goes in the daytime," Francina answered. "But no one lives there."

They went downstairs, through the kitchen door and over to the cottage behind a hedge a few steps away. An officer with a dog entered first. The place was empty, except for a few gardening tools. The dog, sniffing the concrete floor, led the way into the largest of three rooms—a room with a window that looked directly up into Sophia's bedroom, a room from which a thief might have watched, where an accomplice might have waited, possibly to signal, with a light, the arrival of a car in the driveway.

They returned to the main house. "Now, tell me what happened," the superintendent asked them. "How was the theft discovered? Tell me everything you remember. Everything. . . ."

Saturday had been a sterling example of good English weather. The cast of "The Millionairess" could especially enjoy it. There was no shooting that day. For Sophia, herself, it was a very special day: Carlo Ponti was arriving from Rome.

Around 10:30 a.m., the members of the household—Francina; Franca, the maid; Maria, the hairdresser—gathered in Sophia's room to discuss housekeeping matters. In the midst of the conversation, Sophia started. "What's that?" They listened in silence. "I'm certain I heard a noise downstairs."

Francina went to the door. "Who is it?" he called.

There was no answer. "Franca, would you go and see?"

But Franca found no one. Sophia shrugged. "I must have been mistaken. Perhaps it was the wind."

A little later, while Franca was preparing lunch, Sophia went over her lines with Francina, who was her artistic advisor as well as manager. Maria sat listening. Shortly after noon, they went down to the dining room. They were there for over an hour. Then, returning upstairs, they (Continued on page 65)



Dear Kathy—

It was so good to see you when you were in New York, even though you had the measles. The only sad thing was that we had so little time alone together. That last day, I'd hoped we might snatch a few minutes for gossip, and what happened?

When I got to the hotel, your suite was filling up rapidly—a close friend, a newspaper reporter, the man responsible for seeing you got

I'm so worried about you, Kathy

to the airport safely, a writer with a tape recorder to do an interview, and telephone calls by the dozen . . . but no time for intimacy.

That's why I'm writing to you. There are so many things I want to say, but when we see each other face to face, other things get in the way.

I was so proud of you!

It seemed natural to see you surrounded by friends. You've always had a great capacity for real friendship, and that isn't so common among theater people as you might think.

You're a thoughtful hostess, too. I noticed how naturally you put everyone at ease, how generously you suggested coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes—anything anyone might enjoy.

Like most mothers, I slipped away to pack your clothes so you could make the plane, so I didn't hear all your answers to the interviews. I was proud of what I did hear, but not surprised at your fluency. Do you remember your high school principal in St. Louis said, "Kathy has the potential to win a scholarship instead of just passing. She's got a brain!"

In those days I spent almost as much time at school as you. I was forever having to explain your sister Nancy Carroll's tardiness, and your playing hookey.

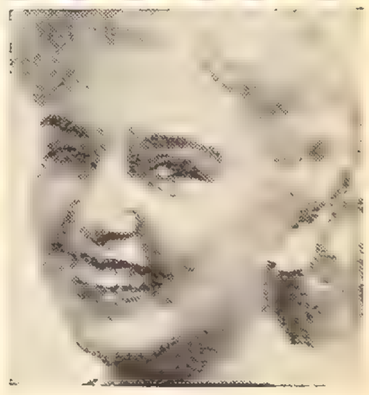
I never blamed you. It must have been hard to go to school and wait to grow up while your sister was studying drama in New York. She wasn't always entirely sure she wanted to be an actress—but you always knew.

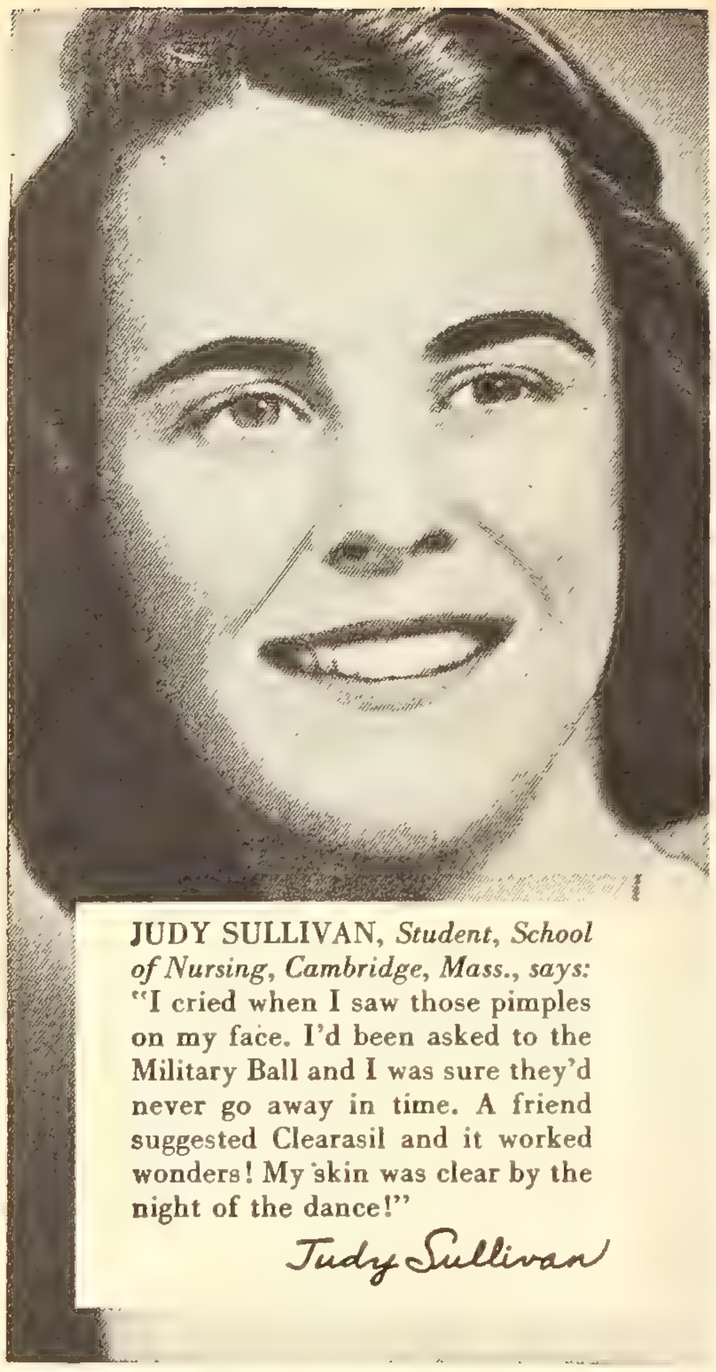
You always wanted to be a star. You've always believed in yourself, never let anything deter you from your goal. So far you've gone ahead steadily, because you put your whole heart and soul into everything you do. You know what I think of your talent: I can sum it up in one word: great! You're that rare combination of a potentially top comedienne with a fine serious dramatic actress. That's why I'm so happy to hear about the experimental theater work you've been doing in Los Angeles.

Television has been the best thing in the world to establish you quickly. But I know you'll get the greatest satisfaction out of a Broadway play. To anyone in show business, success on Broadway is like a writer's winning the Nobel Prize, so I'm happy to hear that you're working at your craft.

You know I watch (Continued on page 61)

AN URGENT LETTER TO KATHY NOLAN FROM HER MOTHER





JUDY SULLIVAN, *Student, School of Nursing, Cambridge, Mass., says:* "I cried when I saw those pimples on my face. I'd been asked to the Military Ball and I was sure they'd never go away in time. A friend suggested Clearasil and it worked wonders! My skin was clear by the night of the dance!"

Judy Sullivan

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. ***Penetrates pimples.*** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. ***Stops bacteria.*** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. ***'Starves' pimples.*** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

"I'll Never Sing Again!"

(*Continued from page 25*)

actually double on the lead, you see; they have such sweet voices, they'll be fine. And I just can't approach marriage without giving myself to it completely, the way my mother did. Mother was only nineteen when she married Daddy and she gave up her job as a dental assistant. The important thing, the most important thing to me in the world, is marriage. Singing was never *important* to me; it was *fun.* Marriage is a sacrament, and the more of the world I've seen in the years we've been singing, the more I've realized what marriage and a family *mean.* There are so many great stars who have missed what we've always had in our house and what Dick and I hope to have in ours.

Ever since I can remember, I've had one dream: to grow up and get married and have a big houseful of children like Mom and Dad. Maybe that's why I fell in love with Dick Gass. He's dreamed the same dream, and he likes all the same things I do and he's crazy about children and so wonderful with them. I'm the oldest in a family of twelve, Dick's the oldest in a family of eight—as a matter of fact in school there was a Gass for every Lennon down to our Billy and their Debbie, always a boy of one family and a girl of the other family in each room. Dick is so like my dad, he might be his son, they even *look* alike; and Dad is crazy about Dick, the whole family is. They know he's dependable.

What marriage needs

This is something terribly important. I have seen a number of marriages that started out with plenty of love but they didn't work out because neither the fellow nor the girl had grown up enough. To be in love is wonderful, to have someone your very own; but I couldn't have grown up in this family, I couldn't have watched my parents handle the complicated matter of daily living for themselves and all of us Lennons—without being aware that it takes more than love to make a marriage work. It takes faith and humor, tolerance and understanding and it certainly takes the ability to assume responsibility.

Dick and I would just have to have these qualities, each being the oldest. He looks out for his brothers and sisters as I look after mine. I've known his family for fourteen years, I dated his younger brother in seventh grade and I knew who Dick was but he was three years older than I. He was a senior at Saint Monica High when I was a sophomore and I met him for the first time—really met him—October 19, 1957, at exactly seven-thirty. He was working at the telephone company as a cable splicer. He knew my Uncle Dan and Uncle Dan had said yes, Dick should go ahead and phone me. So Dick called and he arrived, right on time; when I bounced down the stairs he was talking with Daddy and Daddy'd evidently said he supposed we were going to the football game at school and then to the dance, so that's where we went—thanks to Daddy. The funny thing—neither Dick nor I wanted to go there *at all.* We'd each just broken up with a steady date, we each dreaded going back to school where everyone would wonder what had happened to our former dates and how come we were together. It was a miserable kind of evening and the fact that I started it off stepping into a mud puddle when I was trying to get in the car, didn't help things a bit. Nor did the fact that I couldn't jitterbug so Dick jitterbugged with his sister!

I didn't ever expect to see *him* again. But the following week, I guess he decided to give it one more try. He phoned and asked me for a Saturday night date and I said yes; but Saturday when we came home from the studio, my throat was so swollen, I had to call him and call it off. He arrived at the house anyhow, about an hour later, bringing me a strawberry sundae, and sore as my throat was, he had me laughing after awhile.

I dated other boys once or twice after that, but from our fourth date I just knew that I wanted to marry Dick with all my heart—if only he'd want to marry me. And he did. I love the way he looks, lean and strong and clean-cut, with sandy hair and good teeth. I love his religious devotion—he's Catholic, he's strong in his faith—and he studied at the seminary for ten years. I love the sense of humor that shows in his blue eyes, I love his ability to make decisions and to take over. No question about who's going to be head of the house. He likes sports—anyone who didn't like sports would be lost at our house because my parents love sports and we've just grown up that way. We're baseball, football, basketball, boxing and track fans, to name just a few. Well, Dick loves sports too, and he loves children—anyone who didn't would *certainly* be lost at our house where we enjoy children so much, where the dearest thing in life has been caring for the babies and watching them grow.

How the Lennon Sisters started

In a way, it was our growing family that began our career. We started singing in the first place to build on another bedroom to our house. We'd had a two-bedroom house and it was beginning to be a lot too small. My dad has a good voice and we'd always sung around the house, so it was easy to sing for club groups and socials. It was Mr. Welk's son Larry who heard us sing at an Elks Club affair—he was my date that night—and he was the one who brought us to Mr. Welk. It's all been sort of a happy accident, especially happy this last year and a half since Dick's been with the paratroopers at Fort Brad, North Carolina; because every time we go on tour, I'm able to meet Dick somewhere. We spent Thanksgiving together in New York and he was with us in Washington when we sang for the President, and he surprised us in Atlantic City Christmas before last.

Of course he surprised us even more last July 4th when he gave me my ring. I hadn't expected that until Christmas. Dick had a two-week leave last summer. We had dinner at the Sea Lion Inn, and on the way back to Ocean Park to see the fireworks, he gave me this box and in it, this dear dainty ring, like a diamond flower. "Now let's find your folks and tell 'em," he said, holding my hand tight. Then he grinned. "I sure am scared to tell your dad," he said. "So let's get it over with." Which wasn't so easy. There were only a few *thousand* cars parked at Ocean Park pier to see the fireworks. When we finally found my family it was a real sight. They had the tail gate down on the station wagon and the car was crammed with kids, all of ours, including Annie who was asleep on Mother's lap, and several neighbor children too. Our announcement, as you can see, was very private. We were kneeling on a couple of children on the tail gate and shouting up to Dad and Mom in the front seat.

"Deedee and I are engaged!" Dick shouted. Then he had to do it all over again because Dad couldn't hear over all the other noise. "Deedee and I are engaged."

Dad says he was all shook up. Not on account of Dick—he knows as well as I

do that this is the one for me. Not on account of me, because he knows I'm ready. I have stars in my eyes but I know how many things there are to face up to as you go along. Not on account of the future, because it is Daddy himself who's always taught us that the Lord provides. It's just the first of us leaving home, the thought of it. We've been so happy.

This is, I'm sure, why I've dreamed so of marriage; we've been such a happy family and the reason we were happy grew out of the wonderful easy relationship our parents have. They're not *old* parents, and I'm not talking about age, and they're not *always* parents. What I mean is—besides being parents, they're also companions. If there's a baseball game going out in the back yard, they're in it. They enjoy life as they go along; nothing bugs them.

Focus on family

I think what's behind my mother and father's ability to get along is not only love but a sense of humor and a focus on the family. There's no such thing as keeping up with the Joneses. This is something that just doesn't count. I'm glad Dick has a steady job that will be waiting for him at the telephone company when he gets out of the service. I'm even more glad that his sense of fun and well-being doesn't depend on spending a lot of money. When we first started dating, there was a big rain storm and loads of cables were out. Dick wasn't on duty that night so we spent the evening visiting manholes along Highway 101. It was exciting and it was fun, meeting Dick's friends who'd pop up and chat with us a moment and tell us what was going on. Other nights we'd drive to the beach, take the tram to Ocean Park pier, watch all the crazy parade of people, such interesting different people everywhere you look; then for another dime, we'd ride the tram to Santa Monica Pier and watch the parade there. Or we'd go to Palisades Park and see some of the people we know, just walking about. Or we'd play miniature golf or see a movie.

Dick's a person who knows how to have a good time without trying to put on a big splash. And on Wednesday nights, we'd go to visit his grandmother. She's dead now, and we're going to miss her so at our wedding, but we had lovely evenings, watching TV, going through old albums of family pictures. This, to me, is how you know you can live day after day, year after year with somone—that while we were dating we didn't have to do extravagant things to have fun. And many and many a time, Saturdays and Sundays especially, we've hauled a couple of brothers and sisters with us. If we're going to the beach or the San Diego zoo—why not take some of the kids? When Dick was home this summer, we went to the beach one day and took three of my brothers and my little sister, three of Dick's sisters and a friend's child besides.

If a fellow can have a happy time and keep all those children happy, and be calm even when they get rambunctious and if you are right with him, enjoying it—then you know you've got what it takes to make a marriage work.

Plans and dreams

Now all I pray for is Dick's safe return home. He's taken seventeen jumps and he takes pictures while he's jumping and he can't write every day because they go out on bivouacs—so I do quite a lot of praying. But he calls on special days and sends little gifts: a paratrooper suit to each of my brothers, a darling white blouse monogrammed in red, a pink satin heart of candy and a story book doll for my Valentine, and we're planning and dreaming.

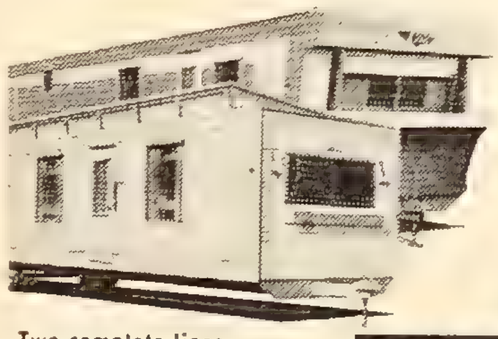


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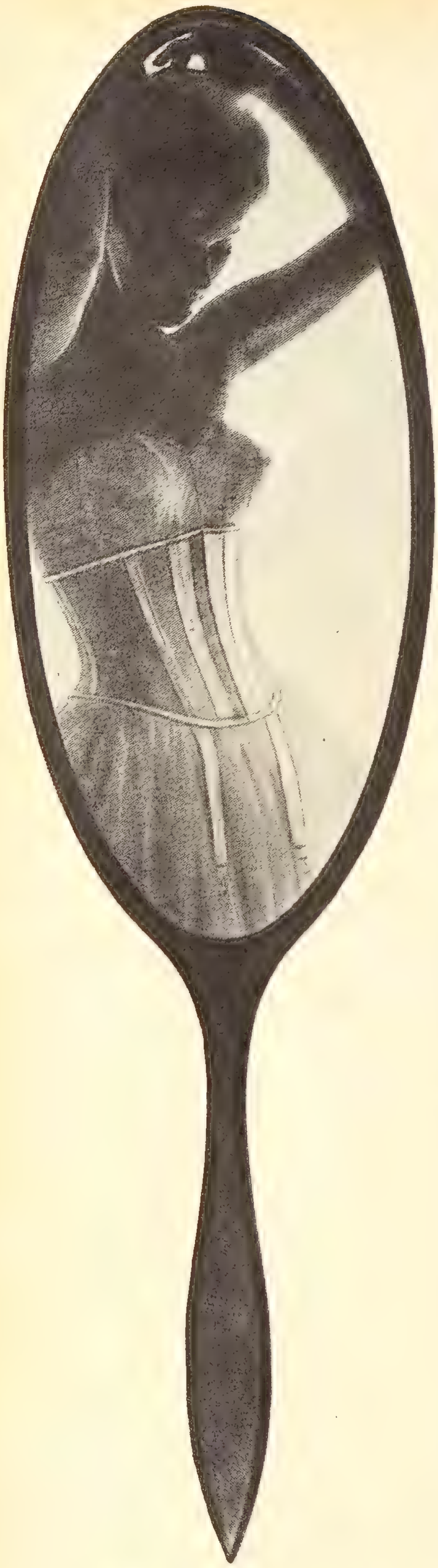
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big . . . beautifully built . . . and the best buy for better living.

We'll be married right next door at St. Mark's church. My mother says they'll never get all the Lennons and the Gasses in—the church was crammed for the baby's baptism and Dick has more friends than anyone I've ever known in my life. My sister Peggy will be maid of honor, best man will be either Dick's brother Mark or his best friend Don Smith. My four-and-a-half-year-old Mimi and Dick's five-and-a-half-year-old Debbie will be the flower girls; our junior bridesmaids will be Joannie Esser and my sister Janet; the other bridesmaids, my sister Kathy, Dick's sister Patsy and my dear friend Cleo Clapp who's been my pal since we were little kids. She's getting married soon too. Monsignor will marry us. I asked him because we love him so and he's such a *family* priest—that's why he wanted to be here in Venice—it's a family town.

Oh, and to make it perfect, my sister Kathy's going to lend us her brand new Lincoln for our honeymoon. It's a funny story about Kathy's Lincoln (which looks as though it should belong to the British Ambassador or someone). We were up in St. Cloud, Minnesota, recently and there was a Catholic Family Life Benefit dinner where we were invited to sing. Merchants in the town presented each of us with a ticket to the dinner and after the dinner, they asked Janet to draw a dinner ticket for the door prize—this beautiful black Lincoln lined in black and white leather! Guess what ticket Janet drew—Kathy's.

It seems like I'm going to have the most wonderful life possible. When we're on tour, so many people say to me, "Is it true that you're going to quit singing?" And when I say yes, they say, "Oh, that's too bad." But it isn't, it's going to be basic, a real way of life, what I've been living toward since the day I was born. **END**



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A Tragic Princess

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Of course," answered Grace, in French.

She rose and entered the sitting room next door. She stood by the phone, waiting for the call to be transmitted. As she stood there she looked back into the bedroom, at Rainier. He was still reading. He yawned once or twice.

Finally the phone buzzed.

Grace lifted the receiver.

"Hello," she said, in English now. "Mother . . . is that you?"

She frowned.

"Mother, what's *wrong?*" she asked. . . .

She walked back into the bedroom a few minutes later. Her body was tense, her face pale.

"Eh?" Rainier asked, smiling a trifle, looking up as she entered, "—and what *is* wrong now in the City of Brotherly Love?"

"It's my father," Grace said. "He's sick. He's very sick. He just underwent an operation. They thought it would be nothing," she said. "But it was cancer."

She sat down as she said the word.

"Cancer," she said again.

For the next moment or two she was silent, as she thought of her father, John Brendan Kelly, Big Jack Kelly, never-sick-a-day-in-his-life Jack Kelly, strong unbeatable contractor, Brickwork-by-Kelly Kelly, Kelly the athlete, the greatest American oarsman who ever lived, Kelly who'd thumbed his nose at George V of England for not letting him enter the Diamond Sculls because he'd worked with his hands and who'd then raised a son—trained a son—who twenty-seven years later would win the Diamond Sculls' Cup, Jack Kelly, her father, The Unbeatable, down now, with cancer, down and dying of cancer. "Six days, six months, we don't know how long he'll live," her mother had said. "But he's dying, Grace. . . ."

Rainier rules

"We've got to go home," Grace said, suddenly.

"*I*?" Rainier asked, almost cutting into the sentence, as if he knew just what was coming. "*I* cannot, not right now." He lifted the papers he was holding. "There are problems here I must tend to," he said. "This is a Principality I run . . . not a boutique."

"But my father—" Grace said.

"I cannot," said Rainier.

"Then the children and I—" Grace started to say.

Rainier interrupted her by tossing down his papers. "Albert is sick," he said. "Is the baby not sick? . . . And Caroline. What happened to her the last time she was in a plane. Do you remember?"

"Their grandfather is dying . . . *dying*," Grace said. "Don't you understand that?"

"You talk—" Rainier said "—and you get excited with me as if it is that uncle of yours who's dying instead of your father. What has he meant to you really, your father? What about some of the things you've told me about him . . . the hurts, and the—"

He stopped.

"I'm sorry about your father," he said. "But I cannot come with you. And neither can the children."

"You want me to go alone then?" Grace asked.

"Exactly," said Rainier.

"You want me to go alone," Grace said, not asking this time, sitting back wearily in her chair.

Rainier rose. He began to head for the sitting room. "I'll phone for your tickets right now," he said. "Of course you want to leave on the earliest plane."

Grace nodded and brought her hand up to her forehead.

"You're feeling dizzy?" Rainier asked.

Grace nodded.

"You'd like a drink?"

Grace glanced at a small bar, a few feet from where Rainier stood. Again, she nodded.

"I'll get your maid then," Rainier said. "What should I tell her you'd like . . . A brandy? . . . A cognac?"

Grace didn't answer.

Instead, her Serene Highness of Monaco looked from the bar, over at her husband—looked at him long, long and hard. . . .

"I want to see my grandchildren"

She tried to smile as she bent over to kiss her father in his bed that next night—but she couldn't. Because it was not like seeing her father, Jack Kelly, again, but rather it was to her as if there were some strange man in his bed, an old man, a hollow-cheeked man with a thin neck and thin hands, and with yellowing skin and with breathings that came hard and warm from his mouth, and with eyes that had obviously once been very blue but which, somehow, were not so blue anymore, and with a voice, once so strong and booming, now so weak as it asked, "Gracie, is it you who's come to see your old man in this state?"

"Yes, Daddy," Grace said, very softly, nodding.

He reached for her hand.

He managed the smile his daughter had not been able to manage.

"I'm glad, Gracie," he said, "because I'm a sick man. Awful sick. No matter how much those whitecoats try to fool me, that I know. And because, Gracie, before I go—"

Grace shook her head. "Shhh," she said, "don't go talking like that now."

"Because before I go," her father went on, "I want to see you again, Gracie. You and your babies . . . I've been thinking of this. Of when you'd come back. From as soon as I woke up after that operation . . . Us talking like this. You coming with your babies."

He squeezed her hand. He barely noticed that it had begun to tremble in his.

"Carrie," he asked, "how is she, that little Carrie of yours?"

"She's fine, Daddy," Grace said.

"And Al," he said, "—did you know, Gracie, that I've never even seen him, my new grandson, His Royal Highness Albert or whatever the heck it is those people call him over there . . . Did you know that?"

"I know," Grace said.

"And now," Jack Kelly said, raising his head a bit, with a struggle, it seemed, "just once I want to be with him, so he can remember his old grandpa. And so that I, when I'm Upstairs, taking my walks in those Irish-green pastures I hear they've got up there, I can remember him, too. Just like I'll be remembering all of you. My family. My bunch of Kellys and their kids."

He took a deep breath. And his head fell back on the pillow once more.

"Are they downstairs, Gracie, the kids and your husband?" he asked then.

Again, Grace's hand began to tremble.

And before she could answer, her father said, "I'll see them in a little while. I'm feeling kind of drowsy now. I don't want them to see me, drowsy like this . . . later, when I'm better.

"But for now," he said then, letting go of her hand, "you sit, right here beside the bed, and tell me about yourself, daughter, and things that have been happening since I saw you last."

Grace sat. And she began to talk, telling a little about little things, about this, that, talking just to talk, talking, on and on, as if by talking she could keep what she now knew to be a room of death alive—even if only by talking.

"That's nice," her father would say, as she talked.

"That's nice."

Once in a while he would close his eyes and seem to be asleep. But then, suddenly, he would open them and he'd say, "That's nice, my girl, my Gracie."

And then he'd say, asking, as if he'd forgotten, "The kids? Are they downstairs, Gracie?"

And each time he said that, Grace would start to tell him about the children not being there. But, unable to finish, she would stop. Until, unable to continue talking at all, she stopped completely and let her father talk. Because it seemed as if, suddenly, hard as it was for him, he wanted to talk now, very much.

The Irish influence

"Do they say their prayers?" he asked, at one point, after he'd been talking on for quite a while.

"Yes," Grace said. "At least, Caroline does . . . Albert's still too young."

"Well," Jack Kelly said, "see that they both do—just like you and your brother and sisters used to . . . Tell me, Gracie, how did it go, that prayer you all used to say, the one at the table? You should remember. You're the actress, the one with the memory in the family."

Grace told him.

"We would sit around the table," she said, "and Peggy would start.

"'Bless us, Oh Lord,' she'd say, 'and these Thy gifts we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord.'

"And then Kelly would say, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'

"And I'd say, 'Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.'

"And Lizanne would say, 'Amen.'"

"And me?" Jack Kelly asked, beginning to laugh.

"You'd say, 'Let's eat!'"

"And your mother?"

"She'd say, 'Poppa, *really!*'"

"Yes," Jack Kelly said, remembering, "that's right . . . Your mom," he said, the laugh beginning to go, "—you know, Gracie, there is a woman who you can learn by. She taught you all to be good for good's sake. And to live clean lives. Active and healthy lives. That's the spirit Margaret Kelly raised our youngsters by. Letting you have it when you needed having it. Trudging you all off to St. Bridget's every Sunday morning. That was her spirit. Her way. And that's the way *you've* got to bring up your kids, your prince and princess or whatever it is they call my grandchildren over there."

He closed his eyes.

He seemed to be in some pain; Grace could see that.

But, still, he talked.

"And exercise," he asked, "are you seeing to it my grandchildren are getting plenty of exercise?"

"Yes," Grace said.

"Too much sitting nowadays," Jack Kelly said. "Too many escalators, elevators, cars. Everybody rides. And if they're not riding, they're sitting . . . That's not the way you make a champion, you know. And remember, Gracie, it's a family of champions—*champions*—you just happen to come from."

Not like the others

He opened his eyes.

Again he reached for her hand.

"Of course," he said, smiling, "you were the different one, Gracie. Always with your dolls. And making up your plays. My quiet little girl, with her dolls, her plays. And her poems. . . .

"Gracie," he said then, still clinging to her hand, "sometimes—it's no secret between us—but sometimes I didn't understand you, Gracie. With you not being like the others; with me wanting you so much to be like the others . . . And I hope, all I hope now is that I never hurt you for not understanding sometimes."

His eyes looked into hers, almost pleadingly.

"Did I hurt you, Grace? . . . Did I hurt you much?"

"No," Grace said, shaking her head, "you never did, Daddy."

"That's good to hear you say that," her father whispered, closing his eyes once again, "—even though I know you're lying to your old man. Even though you're only saying this to make me feel good now . . . Because I know," he said, "that there were times—your mother would tell me about them later—times when I hurt you . . . times when I made you feel bad."

Grace looked down, and as she did the times came flashing into her mind; much as she tried to keep them from coming, they came.

"Swim like a Kelly," they came, her father's words, *"not like a stranger with arms made of putty!*

"What's she sniveling about now? So I forgot and put a candle less on her birthday cake. So what?

"My daughter, become an actress? So she can get to be as shallow as the rest of those people?

"She amazes me, Grace does. I always thought it would be her sister Peggy. Anything Grace could do, Peggy could do better.

"Sniveling.

"Sensitive.

"Different—darn it, she's different.

"Can't anyone knock some Kelly into her?"

"But I never meant to hurt you, Gracie," she heard her father's voice again.

"I know, Daddy," she said, looking up.

A chance to apologize

"And you know," he said, "sometimes, most of the time, what I said that hurt you was unintentional. But you, you'd never admit this and give me a chance to apologize. You'd just avoid me after that. It made it hard on me, Gracie. I was never one to go chasing after people . . . And you made it hard on me a lot of the time."

"I know," Gracie said.

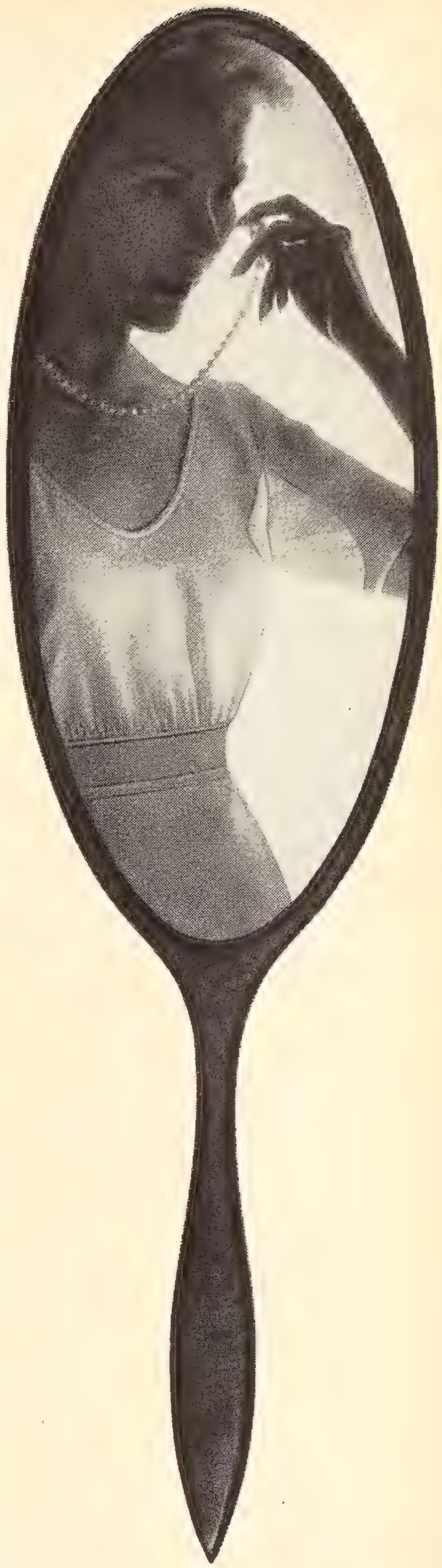
"I was a gruff man," Jack Kelly said. "I guess I expected my children to be that way, too. All of them . . . But you," he said, *"you* were like your aunt. I realize that now. Just like my sister Grace, Lord rest her sweet and beautiful soul. She was the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, Gracie," he went on, remembering. "She had a voice, a real talent. She wanted to go on the stage. But none of us would ever allow it. Your mother, she was pregnant with you when my sister died. Twenty-three years old when she died. And someone said the day of her funeral, 'The namesake will have the talent our Grace had, and the chance we never gave her.' And that was you, Gracie. The namesake . . . Did you know that?"

Grace nodded.

"Like my sister you were," Jack Kelly said, opening his eyes once more, "—and like my brother George. Like *him* you were, and not at all like me."

Again Grace looked down. And again, the thoughts—hard as she tried to keep them from coming—came.

Uncle George, came the thoughts, the memories. *Mr. George Kelly. Writer.*

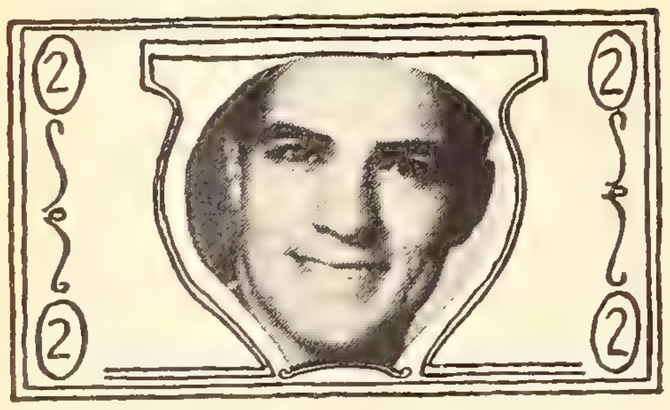


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JOHN GAVIN:



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John Gavin knew his wife Cecily for eight long years before he "set the date." But once they decided, they didn't want to delay another minute.

They took their blood tests and rushed down to the license bureau about a half hour before closing. They signed the necessary papers. Then the clerk said: "That will be two dollars please."

John reached into his pocket—but in his rush he'd forgotten to take any money.

"Got any money with you, dear?" he asked.

"About $20," Cecily replied. "Why?"

"Well, it seems I forgot my wallet, and I need to pay the man the two dollars."

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I won't lend you the two dollars."

"Honey, don't be silly. I'll give it to you back the minute I get home."

"That's not the point," Cecily replied. "I'd give you anything in the world . . . forever. But I'm just not going to pay for my own marriage license."

"But I won't have time to go all the way home. . . ."

"I love you. I'll always love you. But no."

John asked the clerk if he'd accept a check.

But the man said, "Nope—two dollars —*cash*."

"Stay right here, honey," John told his girl. "I'll be right back." And he canvassed every gas station in the area trying to get a two-dollar check cashed. He was turned down cold—by attendants who looked at him as though he was some kind of nut after they heard his story.

Finally—about five minutes before the license bureau closed, he found a fellow who cashed it without hesitation. "Know just how you feel, Bud," he said. "Same thing happened to me 15 years ago."

"How did you manage to solve it?" John asked.

"Didn't," replied the man. "I lost the girl."

John stars, with Sandra Dee, in Universal-International's ROMANOFF AND JULIET.

Pulitzer-Prize playwright . . . Sitting at the piano playing Chopin and Ravel for a little girl . . . Walking with her when he came to visit, right here down Henry Avenue, walking and reciting his poetry to her while the rest of the world rode and walked by, not knowing . . . "Someday, I will write a play for you, young lady, and you will act in it and we will stand together during the curtain calls, arm in arm" . . . "I look into your pretty eyes, young lady, and I see that same strain of Irish mysticism and melancholy as is mine, mine" . . . "I love you, my niece, my fairy child of East Falls, P-A."

"Like *him* you were," she heard her father's voice again, "and, and sometimes I think that he should have been your father . . . that you would have been a happier child with him than you were with me."

"No, Daddy," Grace said, pressing his hand. "Don't say that, Daddy."

"I complained about you a lot," Jack Kelly said. "'No spunk like the others,' I'd say. But"—he nodded—"I know now that it was you who had the real spunk in this family of ours. Going up there to New York the way you did when you were only eighteen, after I'd asked you not to go. And showing them—and me. The theater. The modeling. Then the TV. Then Hollywood. And those grand pictures you made. And that prize you won. Your Academy Award.

"I was proud that night, Gracie," he said, "prouder than I had any right to be. And if I never told you how proud I was . . . I want to tell you now."

He sighed.

Again the pain had hit him, it seemed.

"I'm talking too much," he said, his voice suddenly more wan than it had been before, more tired.

"You should rest for a while," Grace said.

"Yes," Jack Kelly said. ". . . And while I do, you talk to me, Gracie, with that cool and soothing voice of yours. And tell your old man, while you're talking, about some of the better things you remember about him." He smiled a little, and he even winked. "Go ahead," he said, "and tell me about what a wonderful dad I was to you sometimes. I won't be embarrassed."

Grace smiled back.

"Well—" she started to say, the word sticking in her throat.

"Well—"

She tried to think. Desperately, she tried to think.

"Oh God," she thought to herself then. "I can't remember. There *were* things. I *know* there were things . . . But I can't remember.

"Oh please," she thought.

"Oh please.

"Oh *make* me remember."

And then, suddenly, she could hear herself talking. Very calmly. Very softly. In a voice and manner that were obviously very pleasing to Jack Kelly.

A few good things

"I remember," she said, "playing 'kitchen' this one day. With Alice Walters. We were looking through the old *Boston Cookbook* and we saw this recipe for vinegar candy. It sounded funny, so we made it. And that night, after dinner, I said I had a surprise dessert for everyone. And everyone said, 'Really; what is it, Grace?' And I said, 'Vinegar candy.' And they all laughed and made faces. All except you, Daddy. You said, 'If you made it, daughter, I'll brave it.' And you had a piece. *You* tasted it . . . I remember that now. Yes, I remember that now."

"And?" her father asked.

"And the time I made the turtle soup—do you remember that, Daddy?" Grace asked. She was so thankful that *she* remembered.

"Tell me about it, Gracie," he said.

"The time we were alone in the house, I mean— Everybody was out, even the cook," Grace said, "and I told you I'd prepare your supper. And I opened a can of Campbell's pea soup and told you it was—what did I say?—I told you it was a rare green turtle soup, I said, imported directly from the palace of the King of Barcelona."

Jack Kelly laughed.

"Yes, I remember," he said.

"And?" he asked then. "And?"

"And I remember," Grace said, "the night you made me sit at the table till nine o'clock because I wouldn't eat my calves' liver. How you wouldn't talk to me at first, you were so mad. How you didn't even talk to me after everybody else had gotten up from the table and just the two of us sat there, alone, just you and me and that portion of calves' liver. I remember how the hours passed. How I didn't eat. How I started to cry all of a sudden. And how you looked at me then, sternly, so sternly that I figured I'd better eat. And I began. And I swallowed it down, piece after piece, that awful meat. And I remember how, soon as I finished, I began to cry again. How you got up from your chair as I cried. How that stern look was gone from your face now. And how you kissed me . . . I remember that."

"Why are you crying now, Gracie?" Jack Kelly asked.

"I don't know," Grace said, shrugging, wiping away her tears with her fingers.

"Is it," her father asked, "is it because I never kissed you enough?"

"No, Daddy, it's not that," Gracie said.

Jack Kelly brought a hand up, weakly, to his neck.

"Is it because I'm going to die?" he asked.

Grace didn't answer.

No regrets

"I'm not afraid, Gracie, in case that's what you're thinking," he said. "In fact, to tell the truth, I'm even a little curious. I've lived seventy years. I'd liked to have lived a little longer. But I've no regrets," he said.

He paused.

"Don't cry," he said then. "A few tears after I'm gone maybe, Gracie. But no more then. And no more now.

"I'm happy now, Gracie.

"Believe me.

"You're here.

"My grandchildren are here—"

He turned his head a little.

"Where are they, anyway, huh?" he asked.

"The kids.

"I don't hear them.

"St. Anthony preserve us, but this house is like a tomb lately.

"Even the voices of children are being hushed in this—"

"Daddy," Grace said, sobbing suddenly, falling to her knees suddenly, beside the bed. "The children . . . They're *not* here. I'm sorry. But they're *not*."

"What?" her father asked.

"I wanted to bring them," Grace said. "But my husband. He—"

"He what?" Jack Kelly asked.

"He wouldn't *let* me bring them," Grace said, the tears coming to her eyes again, the sobbing returning.

Her father brought his hand down from his neck and touched her head with it.

"Get up, Gracie," he said.

She didn't.

"Hey there," he said then, "what kind of Princess are you supposed to be, anyway, kneeling like this, crying like this?"—the tears coming to his own eyes as he said that.

"Look," he said, "look at me, Gracie, and

listen to me. . . .

"Your husband," he said, talking very slowly now, very softly, "—what he did may seem wrong to you, I know. But he must know what's best for them, for the children. You see, a father's job isn't an easy one. That much old Jack Kelly knows. And a Prince's job—that mustn't be so easy, either. And I guess a Princess', too. Not so easy sometimes. Hey, daughter?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me, Gracie," her father asked then, "does it ever get too tough on you, being way over there in Monaco, living so far away from everything you know, living there in that big palace, people bowing and scraping all over the place, people—"

The door to the room opened at that moment and a nurse walked in. First, she handed Grace an envelope she was carrying. And then, merrily, she said, "Time for Mr. Kelly's needle so's Mr. Kelly can get some sleep now!"

Grace watched her as she filled a needle with some serum, then brought it up to her father's arm and injected it.

Then, after the nurse had left the room, she looked up at Jack Kelly's face again.

The serum had begun its work already, she could see.

His eyes were closed again.

His thin body, for the first time, seemed relaxed.

He began to talk again, rambling from this subject to that. But as he talked now it was clear that his voice was becoming husky. And his lips dried, and he licked his lips as he talked now and as, slowly, drowsily, he began to fall off to sleep.

"Your Aunt Grace," he said, at one point, forgetting what he'd been saying before, about Rainier, a Prince's duties, a Princess'; "dead at twenty-three . . . The namesake . . . Your namesake. . . ."

Then:

"I was proud that night you won your statue, Gracie, you standing there on that stage, all those people clapping."

Then:

"Don't feel about my grandchildren . . . not being here. I wanted them, but if they're not here—"

Then:

"Gracie?"

"Yes?" she asked.

"Have I told you . . . how I feel . . . in my heart, about you . . . Gracie? Have I ever told you?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"When did I tell you last."

"I don't know, Daddy," she said. "I can't remember right now."

"Then let me tell you . . . Gracie?"

"Yes, Daddy; tell me, Daddy."

"Let me tell you. . . ."

"Yes, Daddy"—she leaned forward, closer to the bed.

"Before it's too late. . . ."

"Yes, Daddy." She could feel her heart beat strong inside her.

"Gracie? . . . Gracie?"

"Yes?"

"Gracie?"

But he was asleep now.

"Yes?" she said once more, "—*what* were you going to say to me, Daddy? Were you going to say that you loved me . . . ?"

But it was no use now; that she knew.

Her father was asleep, knocked out by the drug he'd just been injected with.

And so she sat back in her chair and she watched him for a little while longer. And, as she did, she became conscious of the envelope she's been holding these past few minute.

She looked down at it.

It was a cablegram, obviously from Rainier.

She opened it. and read it.

RETURN IMMEDIATELY, it read. CHILDREN ARE ASKING FOR YOU. ALSO YOU ARE NEEDED HERE FOR THE RED CROSS BALL NEXT THURSDAY.

Her eyes darted back to those first two words.

RETURN IMMEDIATELY.

She read them, over and over again.

And then, finished reading them, she began to crumble the cablegram in her hand, furiously.

And she whispered, "I *won't!*"

The man who was her husband

She did, however. After another cable from Rainier, then an overseas phone call from him, and after a talk with her mother and her father's doctor, both of whom convinced her that staying with her father would prove of no use now, Grace returned to Monaco, to her children, to the man who was her husband, to wait for the Red Cross ball and for word of her father's death.

She waited alone, most of the time, she and the children, avoiding Rainier whenever possible.

Finally, only a few days after her return, the news came that her father had passed away.

Grace was on a Philadelphia-bound jet again in a matter of hours. This time, Rainier was with her.

He remained in Philadelphia with Grace for five days and, immediately following the funeral, he flew back to Monaco, alone.

Grace stayed on a few days longer.

Then she, too, flew back.

People who were around them those five days they spent in Philadelphia say they barely exchanged that many words, except for the two or three violent arguments they had.

Word of the arguments caused much speculation.

Some people said that Rainier was angered by the fact that he had been "playfully, but purposely" excluded from Jack Kelly's will.

Others said this was nonsense—that it was Grace's growing "coldness" towards him that had caused the trouble.

At any rate, Rainier left Philadelphia a few days before Grace, and, immediately, items about the two began to appear in newspapers all over the world, items liberally sprinkled with the words:

"Rift!"

"Separation?"

"Divorce?"

Quickly, it seemed, was the fairy-tale romance of 1956 heading for an end. . . .

Belonging

Grace had been back at the palace for only a few minutes, and she sat now on the terrace just outside her bedroom, alone, still wearing the black dress she'd traveled in, still wearing the tight expression she'd worn these past two weeks.

Rainier joined her after a while, welcoming her back in a few words, then sitting beside her.

"I just spoke to Caroline's nurse," he said. "She tells me that you were upset the child greeted you in French."

"I want her to speak to *me* in English from now on," Grace said, "—in *English.*"

"I will make that clear to the nurse," Rainier said, "if that is your wish."

Grace turned away from him.

"Grace," he said, trying to take her hand.

She pulled hers away.

"Grace," he said, "how is it that this is happening to us, these past few months? Does it happen to all married people after a while, after such a short while?"

Grace didn't answer.



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Robert Stack, who portrays the sincere, dedicated, no-nonsense Elliot Ness on TV's *The Untouchables*, is, in real life, a sincerely dedicated family man. His greatest joy is spending time "getting to know his children," as he calls it. He and his wife Rosemary love to drive out into the country for family picnics, family beach parties.

One night Robert Stack and Rosemary were getting dressed to attend a press premiere and the kids decided they'd rather have Daddy at home with them. Or better still, go with him.

"Now kids," he said firmly, "you just can't come with us. Do you realize what a premiere is? From the minute you drive up to the theater, everyone stares at you. You have to be very dignified. It seems like miles sometimes till you're inside. And you have to be all dressed up. It's quite an elegant affair."

"Are you elegant, Pop?" they asked.

"When I have to be, yes," Robert Stack answered grimly.

"And you're going to be dignified tonight, Pop?"

"I hope so, if I can ever get dressed in peace. Now you kids scat."

"Aw, gee, Pop, we'd be good. . . ."

"Now look. You can't squirm, you can't giggle, and the hard part of it is you have to be ready to walk right through that crowd and not lose your composure."

"What's composure, Pop?"

"When you're old enough to know what that means, I promise you, you can come to a premiere. . . ."

And so it was that Rosemary and Robert Stack managed to get off to the premiere, and miraculously, on time too.

They pulled up in front of the theater, the doorman opened the door. Robert Stack, elegant in his impeccably-tailored evening clothes took the arm of his beautiful wife, and smiled a dignified smile as the people crowding the velvet ropes gasped at her fabulous gown. Then suddenly a smothered titter arose from the crowd and everyone stared in the direction of his car.

He turned, puzzled, just in time to watch two empty Coke bottles and a leftover picnic orange roll to the pavement. It was an embarrassing moment.

But his fans smiled indulgently. They just wanted to see Robert Stack. *They* didn't care if he was composed or dignified or not.

"At the beginning," he said, going on nonetheless, "how were we but so happy, so much laughing and joking together and being together . . . And now, so many angry words. And, sometimes, for long times, no words. Not talking. But trying to lose ourselves instead, trying to get lost from one another all the time in these two hundred rooms . . . How does it happen, Grace?"

Still, she said nothing.

"I know," Rainier said, "part of it is your anger over my not sending the children to see your father before he died. I thought I had good reason not to. I realize now I had no reason. And I'm sorry about that—about the children, and about you, not being there when he died. . . ."

He paused for a while.

"And I know, too," he said, "that it is not easy putting up with some of the life you must put up with, living in a strange little land, attending all sorts of galas, night after night, being pleasant to people neither you nor I can really stand, but being pleasant to them because they are important to me and to this little bit of land which has been handed down to me. . . ."

He paused again.

"And me," he said. "'What manner of man is he?' the whole world asked, when you married me, after so short a courtship, '—this Prince—who is he? What is he like? How can she know what he is like after so short a time, and take so great a chance?'

"Well," he said, "I don't know how much you've learned about me these four years, Grace. About my good points, I hope you have found a few, at least.

"And about my bad ones—"

He clasped his hands together.

"About my bad ones," he said, "my temper sometimes, my giving of orders, my moodiness, my suspicion of people; I guess you know those well by now . . . But, know, too, Grace, that before I met you my life was not an easy one. I've told you something of my life before. I've told you of the loneliness of being a boy and a prince at the same time. Of the distrust that came to me of people who catered to me only for their own wants. Of the other bad and confusing things . . . And strange, isn't it, that the only way I could fight the life I was being smothered under was by becoming a bully at times, and snapping orders, and being moody, and showing temper—just as I do with you sometimes. . . .

"Last night," he said then, "as I lay in our bed, thinking of you getting ready to board the plane, getting ready to return here, I began to think what was it that had brought the two of us together. I thought about it for a long time. Yes, I remembered the first attraction we had for one another. The first laughter we shared. The feeling of the first kiss. I remembered all that. But I tried to probe more deeply, for a fuller answer. And I realized that what had really drawn us together was an unbelonging, if there is such a word in English; a feeling shared by both of us that despite all our titles and honors and glamour of living and money and such things, that neither of us had ever really, really belonged to anything. And then we found each other. And we belonged. For a while. For a beautiful while.

"But," he went on, "as I lay there in bed last night I also began to wonder what it was that is tearing us apart now, slowly, so slowly, but so surely.

"What, I wondered, is causing the angry looks, the angry words, the hiding from one another?

"I wondered. And I wondered.

"I probed. And I probed.

"But the answer never came to me.

"I do not know the answer. . . .

"Do you, Grace?"

He waited in vain for her to say something. . . .

"Only once before you," he said then, "did something really belong to me." He smiled a little. "I have never told you about her before," he said, "—but her name was Carmen. I will never forget her. It was a few years before I met you, Grace. It was at the opera where we met. I was very tired that night, I remember, and I said specifically to Jean-Pierre, my aide then, that I wanted only to hear the opera, that I didn't want to be with people. When we got to the opera Jean-Pierre said, 'Sir, there's a lady in your loge.' 'I told you I didn't want to see anyone tonight,' I replied. 'But she is here anyway,' said Jean-Pierre. 'Well,' I said, trying to keep my temper, 'Well, where is she?' And Jean-Pierre pointed to a forlorn little pigeon hiding in the columns of the loge. I could see that something was wrong with the pigeon. I picked her up and I saw that her wing was broken. I held her in my lap all through the opera and that night, later, I took her here, back to the palace with me, and I began to tend after her.

"We became great friends, my Carmen and I, as I tended her, soothed her hurt, took care of her wing. We became, you could say, almost like lovers, always cooing at one another at first and playing silly with one another, Rainier of Monaco and the pigeon named Carmen.

"And then one day it became apparent to me that Carmen's wing was completely mended. And I began to notice in her a certain restlessness. She did not seem to like my room in the palace anymore, the big room with its big closed windows. She seemed to want to fly away now.

"I asked her one day if that was what she wanted, whispering the question to her, in her ear, the way gypsies do with animals and birds.

"And, immediately, hearing me, Carmen flew to the window and pushed all her weight against it, and I opened the window, then and there, and I let her go. . . .

"She was the first thing that had ever really belonged to me, Grace, loved me for a while. You are the second.

"Now, I sense in you the same restlessness that I sensed in my little pigeon.

"Now, I ask you—would you like to be set free?"

He waited through the silence that followed.

"If you stay," Rainier said then, "we will begin all over again. And I promise you I will try to make our happiness more than either of us has ever dreamed of.

"But," he said, his tone firmer now, "also if you stay, you must know this. That when and if we argue again, when something is wrong, anything, you must not climb into a shell and make it impossible for me to apologize to you. You do that, you know. I don't know if you've ever been told this, but you do that. And I, you should know, I am not a man who can go out seeking people to apologize. Not even my wife.

"I—" he started. But he stopped.

Because for the first time since he'd begun talking, he saw that Grace had turned her head and was looking at him. And he saw, or at least he thought he saw, a look in her eyes that he had not noticed for a very long time.

Slowly, almost shyly then, he took her hand and he kissed it.

"I hope you stay," he said. "Because I love you, Grace. I don't tell you enough. But I do, with all the heart and blood that's in me. And I tell you now, as if for the first time, hoping that it is not too late . . . Because, you know, sometimes what a person feels, he does not say for a long time. And then it becomes too late . . . Do you know what I mean?" he asked.

"I know," said Grace, speaking finally.

"I hope you stay," he said again, beginning to draw his hand away.

But this time Grace took it back.

And she held it in hers.

"I will stay, Rainier," she said. **END**

An Urgent Letter to Kathy Nolan

(Continued from page 53)

The Real McCoys every week. I buy every magazine that even mentions your name, although some of your publicity has been pretty weird, and I don't believe everything I read. I truly believe your success is going to grow and develop into an outstanding career.

All the same, I'm a mother and I worry about you even though you lead your own life very successfully. I've always encouraged you and your sister to be as independent and self-reliant as possible—sometimes I wonder if you're both a little too much so. But you've had a home of your own ever since you were twenty, and you've managed it well. I taught you to be a good cook and to keep house properly, so it doesn't surprise me that you'll invite everybody you know for a Christmas turkey dinner—and feed them until they burst.

The last time I visited you was before you'd bought your house, but I know it's going to be the sort of home you want. When I was in Hollywood, I stayed a month and felt we were *very* close all the time.

You—more than your sister—are like me. We like the same people, approach our problems in the same way, and because we're so alike, sometimes we understand each other too well and are extra critical. But when I was in Hollywood, we were really *en rapport.*

You took so much trouble to be sure I met all your friends, and you planned such fun-evenings. Remember you told me, "You can dance longer and stay up later than I!" I'll never forget that visit. It was such deep pleasure to be with you, to feel close, to be proud of the success in your life.

The women in the family

Still, I worry about you, dear. Like all the women in our family, you have a tendency to overdo. I saw it most clearly on this last trip. You opened the door to me and you looked chic in your beautiful silk print lounging pajamas—but your face was peaked and drawn.

I know this about you: when you're sick, you won't tell anyone how badly you feel. You're quite a trouper. I remember when you were a child in St. Louis and were doing a children's show in a little theater. You were quite young and you ran a needle into your foot—but you went right on with the show and never told us about it until afterward!

So when you had measles, you made light of it. "It's nothing," you said airily and added a dramatic description of the



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doctor's visit. "There I am, lying on my bed of pain. I look up and what do I see? The doctor's brought three little kids to visit me! I said, 'For Pete's sake, don't you remember I have measles?'

"And *he* said, 'Don't you remember I'm the one who told you you had 'em? Come on, kids—lean over and kiss Kathy Nolan . . . so you'll get measles and be through with 'em.' Just like *that!*" you said, snapping your fingers. "Come to find out—after they'd all kissed me enthusiastically—they weren't even his own children!"

"Whose were they, then?" someone asked.

"Three patients," you replied calmly. "He went right home from diagnosing me, called their parents and said, 'Kathy Nolan's at the Sheraton East with measles. Have your kids ready at 10:00 a.m. and I'll take 'em down and expose 'em!' Now there's scientific advance for you!"

But underneath the laughter, I could tell from looking at you that you were really pretty miserable and just putting on an act. It wasn't lack of make-up; you looked pale from overwork, and the very people who should have canceled your engagements were actually piling more and more onto you.

When someone sympathized with you for having to cancel engagements and stay in bed for three days, you just laughed. "*Who* stayed in bed?" you remarked sadly. "I did six radio shows and twelve magazine interviews, and when I simply couldn't take a luncheon appointment yesterday, the public relations agency couldn't understand it. They kept saying, 'But it's only a *little* fever, you can make it—the show must go on, you know!' "

But even though measles may sound absurd, they're devastating for anyone over thirteen, and even though you no longer had a fever, you showed the strain. It was hard to keep still when I saw you receiving hordes of guests and answering the phone constantly. You should have been resting, but I knew you'd only be impatient if I protested, so I was silent . . . then. *Now* I'm speaking my mind.

You push yourself entirely too far. You don't rest enough and you don't eat properly. You are too alive, too wound up, with too many things cooking for you all the time. When someone asked where you'd be two weeks hence, you rattled off your schedule like an airlines announcer.

"Next week, San Francisco—then Washington, D.C., for an appearance, three weeks from now I go to Miami for a telethon . . . I was in Wisconsin last week end. . . ." And so on and so on . . . I was worn out just listening to you.

When I was with you in Hollywood, I wanted to do the sentimental, homely things a mother always does for her child. I fixed breakfast every day for a month—and you never ate a bite. You were always on the telephone, or late for an appointment.

Straight talk from mother

Of course, I can understand that overworking is part of being young and a star, but still *I* know you will pay for it later. You can't ignore regular meals, and wind up feeling so starved at midnight that you eat far too much of the wrong things. Perhaps it doesn't matter now, because you're young and healthy—but when you are older you'll begin to pay for every one of your indiscretions.

You've the wiry physique and you naturally have a great deal of energy. You've always been very healthy. Of course you've broken a lot of bones . . . I still shudder every time I see a Broadway play that requires a platform, remembering the time you fell in *Peter Pan* and broke your leg. When you got concussion on the set of *The Real McCoys,* I was really frantic!

You telephoned to let us know you were in hospital, and you made light of it. "I got a hit on the head, Mom," you said. "Nothing serious. . . ."

Usually, when you get even a minor ailment, you're wise enough to go to the hospital instead of trying to take care of yourself alone, so I'm used to your phoning you're in hospital—but that day I was psychic. I simply *knew* it wasn't a little thing. I couldn't wait for your father to come home before calling again. The nurse told me you'd been taken down for a spinal.

That didn't mean anything to me, but your father knows more about medical matters than I, and when I told him the report, he said, "That means they don't know exactly how badly hurt she is."

"In that case," I told him, "one of us must be there."

He wasn't sure it was that serious, but I was firm. We delayed just long enough to telephone you that evening, and when we heard your weak little voice, he was as worried as I. We packed and phoned, made his reservation and didn't get to bed until 3:00 a.m. We'd decided he should go rather than I, because your sister was having her first baby and wanted Mama with her. But your father was on the first plane to Los Angeles next day, and I didn't draw an easy breath until he phoned that you were all right.

In a sporting club on the French Riviera, Noel Coward introduced Frank Sinatra to the audience in both French and English. Frank mounted to the stage and held the audience spellbound through a forty-minute routine. He used his own unique lingo, including words like "gasser," "grabber," "clyde," and others. Frank suggested to the audience, "If any of you cats don't dig this crazy talk, just turn to the person next to you and maybe he'll lay the news on you."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

But I never know what you will do next! I never knew you'd really parachuted from a plane until that last day when Jody McCrea came into the hotel suite. He brought you a silly baby sleep doll, dressed in red and white polka dots, "to match Kathy's measles." It had a music box in the back and when you wound it up, it played Brahms' Lullaby.

Everybody shrieked with laughter when he said, "I brought this because you never sleep—so he'll do your sleeping for you!" But all the same, it wasn't really funny—because I knew you'd been entertaining people, from critics to disk jockeys, until 4:00 a.m. the night before . . . despite your measles.

"Sleep?" you said with a shrug, winding up the doll again. "Who needs it?"

"You will," Jody told you, "if you want to go parachuting again from my plane!"

That was the first moment I knew the story was true—and it *really* startled me. I wanted to cry out, to protest, "Don't you know you're taking your life in your hands!" But of course, I couldn't say a word. I just sat quietly and listened to the banter between you and Jody . . . and wondered why you hadn't told *me.*

Did you think I wouldn't understand? If I had the opportunity I might do the same thing!

Naturally I wish you'd write letters more regularly, and I'm sentimental enough to wish you'd remember to send just a card for my birthday—but I have to admit I wasn't any more thoughtful of my parents when I was your age. I used to forget to write, forget my mother's anniversaries, so I'll never reproach you. You'll learn when you have children of your own.

Problem with love

I'll confess that's one part of your life that worries me deeply. I think you're completely mature, except about love. In that department, you're still searching. When people ask me if you're happy with stardom, I have to say Yes—and No. I know that much of your life today is sheer bravado. You need somebody to talk to, someone to look up to and respect, someone you can't wind around your little finger.

One of your greatest problems is that you're in love with love. You're all affection, all generosity. I think sometimes people take advantage of this, and I know you're not so perceptive of people as you might be . . . but I wouldn't have you different, because a vital part of you is your faith in people, your love for them.

But you need someone to admire and respect. Then love will follow naturally. I think it's perfectly possible for you to find the sort of love you need, even in the theatrical profession and with all the hazards we both recognize in two careers in a family and so on. The right love for you will grow out of meeting many different people, adding maturity and experience to yourself. Then finally, one day the right person will simply *be* for you.

You've seen that happen with your sister. I think sometimes you're a little envious of her happiness with the right man—but she's sometimes a little envious of you, when you fly into New York with the mink and the chauffeured car to take you from one glamour spot to another. That's natural, because the grass always looks greener in the other person's yard—but just as you found it hard to wait through high school when Nancy Carroll was out in the world, so you'll eventually get that happy marriage you yearn for now.

One thing I'm certain: you'll never place security and money ahead of love. You'll never marry a rich man because he is rich, but only if you love him . . . and he'll have to understand your need for the theater, because it's in your blood and you'll never give it up. I've known that ever since the first big show you did on the show boat with your father and me.

I know it's a serious business with you—but, my darling daughter, I know, too, that you'll never be completely happy . . . you won't even realize the great talent I know you possess . . . without a full life. And that means a happy marriage, a home, husband and children. You've always loved children, and I think you're going to be a very good mother.

These days the world is very much your oyster. You're pretty and popular, young and successful with lots of beaux to escort you to premieres and parties. I've never seriously worried about your being able to take care of yourself. The silly stories that make you sound a madcap are only stories—and you're learning not to trust *every* magazine writer you meet.

Still, I'd like to see you happily married, enjoying your career, raising children, making a home for a family instead of just yourself. These are all things I can't say to you when we're together. Mostly, there isn't time for talking, but anyway I know we'd both be embarrassed by too much sentiment.

All the same, I'm your mother. I love you dearly—I always will—and all I want is your happiness. Please take more care of yourself, darling—until that happiness arrives.

Love always,
Mama

Letter to a Lonely Girl

(*Continued from page 42*)

I've got everything
You can think of.
But all I want
Is someone to love.

How does a guy know he needs someone to love? Well, if you're human, sooner or later something's bound to pound in your heart, and like the butterfly that quivers to be released from the dark cocoon, a guy's love wants to see the light.

True, I've been fortunate in one sense. Traveling the way I do I get a chance to meet a lot of wonderful girls. But the trouble is I meet them for a moment and then it's good-bye. That's the story of my life: here today, gone tomorrow. And a lot of people still link me romantically with Annette, and that's a piece of past history I want to clear up now . . . in this story. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

The first girl; the first song

Let me start at the beginning when I was a freshman at Ottawa High School in Canada. A gal named Kathy sat in front of me in class. She wore her blonde hair in a perky ponytail, and she had bright blue eyes that glittered like jewels. To be perfectly honest, I had a devilish streak in me (still do!), and I used to pull her ponytail. And she'd holler, "Paul, will you please stop acting like a child!"

Her words always cut right through me, but when a fellow's only fourteen years old, he's not experienced in the ways of the world and he doesn't know how to get a girl into civilized conversation. So he pulls her ponytail to let her know he notices her. Girls, on the other hand, even at fourteen, seem to be wiser than guys. I guess the Good Lord made them that way so that they could put up with all the guff they have to take from the fellows.

Since I didn't have any poise and didn't know how to talk to Kathy in a sensible way, I pined quietly for her all that school year. Finally, an idea popped in my head. Writing never frightened me as much as speaking; so why not send her a note. I don't remember the first note I wrote her, but I started passing folded pieces of tablet paper to Kathy, and I'd write things like, *You're looking good today!* Or I'd write, *Doing anything this week end?* And she'd answer, *Yeah. I'm busy!*

I got the message. She didn't want to be bothered. And then, that spring, I heard she was going steady so I gave up trying to find out if she had a free week end. I just wrote her nutty like, *What's black and white and red all over?* And she'd write back, *A newspaper,* and I'd answer, *No, a blushing zebra!*

We had laughs, lots of laughs, with the notes. And then school came to an end, and it was summer, and I didn't see her until September. But I couldn't get her out of my mind. I guess that's when you begin to realize something's happening to you and your heart. I always wondered about her, what she was doing that very minute while I was swimming or having lunch or riding my bike. And I'd wonder if she liked pistachio ice cream and cherries and ukulele music the way I did.

Now I've never been a great one for grades at school, but I was happy as a chimp when Labor Day came around because I would be seeing Kathy again. I'll never forget the way she looked that first day at school. She wore a blue checked dress, and her blue eyes sparkled like blue-white diamonds. That first week I got up my gumption, after rehearsing what I wanted to ask her night after night, I said, "Kathy, will you go to the prep dance with me on Friday afternoon?"

Her eyes looked into mine, and I melted. I don't think I heard her say yes. I remember seeing her sweet lips mouthing it. I was in a kind of Utopia just looking at her.

That's when I stopped pulling her ponytail. I didn't stop doing it consciously, but I remember now I didn't pull it after that. I guess a guy stops being mischievous when a girl he likes throws a little attention his way.

The prep dance was from four to six (every Friday afternoon there were prep dances at Ottawa High). When I danced with Kathy, I was in what I called "step-ladder heaven." They say there are seven heavens. Well, I was hopping around on all of them.

We danced wonderfully together, and once I put my lips against her hair which smelled so clean.

I wanted to kiss her but I was afraid she would think I was fresh—and fast.

Then, one Saturday night I asked her to a party at someone's house, and we danced for hours. I can remember the songs that were our favorites. The Crew Cuts singing *Earth Angel* and the Charms crooning *Two Hearts, Two Kisses.* Finally, as the party was ending and we were dancing our last dance in the dim lamplight, I whispered in her ear, "Promise me . . . that when we're alone, you'll give me a kiss."

And she squeezed my hand and said, "I promise."

One of the guys gave Kathy and me a lift to her house (she lived way out on the outskirts of town; I always had to transfer to three buses when I went out there), and we ducked behind the house to the back door because my buddy was waiting to drive me home. It was autumn, late autumn I guess, because a light snow was falling, the first of the season, and everything looked pure and white and beautiful. A snowflake fell on her nose, and I blew on it lightly, so lightly. And the snowflake drifted away.

"Kathy," I whispered, "I . . . I never pass up a promise." And she looked up at me and I kissed her, and I'm embarrassed to tell you this but I started to cry. Don't ask me why. But everything was too perfect: Kathy and the kiss and the dazzling white wonderland all around us.

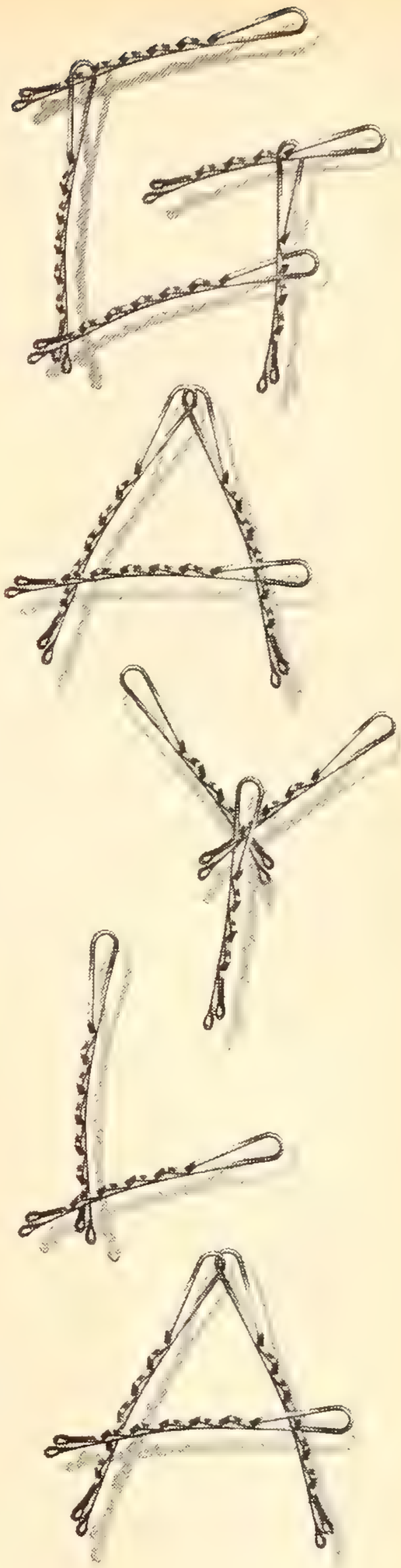
And suddenly a car horn honked, and I said good-bye and began to walk away. But I stopped and walked back to her and took her in my arms again and I said, "Kathy, oh Kathy, I love you."

Jealousy

We went steady for almost a month, but Lady Luck was against us. Everything seemed to go wrong. If Kathy talked to another guy, if I talked to another girl, we were at each other's necks. You've never seen such jealousy. And so, one night, I went up to her house. It was a cold night, but we sat out on the front porch in our plaid mackinaws so we'd have some privacy. It was time to talk things out. The evening stars looked like a handful of silverdust in the inky Ottawa sky, and there was a frost in the air. Our breaths clouded in front of us, but we held hands, and I said, "Kathy, I like you. A lot."

And she said, "Paul, I like you."

We were silent for a moment. Then I knew I had to say it. "Kathy," I began, "we're still young, and we're acting like we're going to kill each other if we just happen to look at somebody else. We're only young once, Kathy, and we're not having any fun. We're making so many enemies because of the way we act. You're



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afraid to talk to fellows because I get jealous, and I'm petrified if I say hello to another girl because I know you'll get mad."

"Let's call the whole thing off," she snapped, suddenly. And I said we didn't have to call it quits, that we should be more reasonable with each other. But she got up, and she said, "It's over," and walked into her house.

That was it. Every time I saw her at school after that, she'd lower her eyes and I'd feel my heart twisting and hurting. So I'd go home to our red brick house at 87 Clearview Avenue, hole up in the basement with my second-hand piano and write sad songs about love. That was when I began to think about writing a song—which I did later—with the lyrics: *When somebody leaves you, That's the time to cry. . . .*

The next girl; the next song

Isn't it funny about love? You can't define it, can you? And yet, just look at the thousands of songs we write about it. Once you experience it, it's the only thing that makes life worthwhile.

After Kathy, I was a lonely boy for a long while, and then late that spring I noticed Margaret, a girl who was a grade ahead of me. She was always coming out of Mr. Payne's science class as I was going in; and I would smile at her. But the smile got me nowhere. So I figured I'd write a note. And it worked.

I wrote: *Hi, I'm Paul. Can't help but notice you. I'd like to see you after school . . .*

And the next day she passed me a note, and it said: *Meet you by the tracks.*

The railroad tracks were near the school, and so we met and talked and then we walked to the soda shop for ice cream sodas. From then on, Margaret and I met by the railroad tracks after school, and I guess that's where I got the inspiration to write my song, *The Train of Love.*

Margaret and I were never serious, but the thing that fascinated me about Margaret was her mystery. She never told me everything about herself. She always knew how to hold something in reserve and to keep me guessing. And her gray eyes had a strange, faraway look that flipped me. After we went to a bunch of parties, our friendship cooled. I found out she was going with another guy, and I was crushed.

I stayed away from girls all through that year at school. Not that I didn't notice them! But I was afraid of getting hurt.

In July of that summer a girl came up from the "States." She was visiting relatives who had a white cottage by the lake. All the teen-agers in Ottawa went to the public swimming pool in the afternoons, and that's where I noticed her.

Her name was Elaine, and she was petite with dark brown hair, dark eyes and a dimple. I double-dated with her and her sister. My older cousin Bob, who had a beat-up Ford, dated her sister. We went riding a couple of times, and then one night Elaine and I went out alone, without Bob and her sister, and we walked down to the lake. The ivory light of the full moon shone on the lakewater, and the lake looked like a long carpet of silver sequins.

Elaine looked beautiful in the soft light of the moon, and I said, "Moonlight becomes you," and she turned to me. Her face was so close to mine I could feel her warm sweet breath so I kissed her. And I'll never forget what she said.

"Ooh, what a lover!" Those were her words. "I . . . I like you, Paul."

"I . . . like you, Elaine."

We kissed again and walked home hand in hand. And for two weeks we were always together and we'd kiss often. And I figure that's where I got the inspiration to write *Put Your Head On My Shoulder.*

Only our happiness was too short-lived. Elaine had to return to Detroit, Michigan. And we promised to write to each other. But that fall she wrote me a "Dear Paul" letter, telling me she went out with a college guy who was The Most, and that she wasn't going to write anymore.

I was heartbroken. I went back to school without any spirit. I didn't care whether I passed or failed. All I could think of was Elaine with her college Casanova, the good times they were having and how I'd been left behind.

One day I finally confided my feelings to a buddy.

"I . . . I can't get this girl out of my mind," I told him in the wash room after a basketball game. I was sad because everybody was going out with a girl after the game, and I wasn't.

"Who's the chick?" he asked. "Anybody I know?"

"Nope. She was here for a couple of weeks this summer, and we hit it off. And then she had to go back to Detroit and she met Joe College and ditched me."

"Aw, she'd have left you sooner or later," my buddy said. "Or you would have left her. Look at that distance between you."

"But we were going to see each other next summer," I explained.

"Come on now, buddy boy. Next summer is hundreds of years away!"

He was right! And in a while I took notice of Baby. Her first name starts with an M. I call her Miss Mystery because I knew her all my life, and she came up on me unawares, the way the springtime does.

Her folks had come over to our house one Sunday night, and we were all having supper and I looked across the table—and wow! Now, let me explain. She wasn't a knockout. Her looks weren't anything out of the ordinary. She had darkish blonde hair, plenty of freckles. But she had Something. It. Whatever It is.

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We knew each other so well she always referred to me as "Cousin Paul" and I called her Coz. I asked her for a date after the basketball game next Friday night, and she accepted.

I guess girls have built-in radar, because on Friday, after we whooped it up at a party since our team won, she told me she didn't like the way I was acting at the party, as if she were my one and only.

And I became ashamed and afraid to ask her for a date again. So I wrote a pile of love songs, packed my grip and took off to try to forget my loneliness. Later, when I thought about Baby back home, I wrote *My Hometown.*

Well, I knocked on a lot of doors to try to get anywhere with my music. And Sol and Joe Bahari of Modern Records let me record *Blau Wil de Beest Fontaine.* They paid me fifty bucks for it, and I called home, bursting with joy, but the record turned out to be a bomb.

I went home, my face red. I decided to organize a small combo for some fun and excitement. We played a lot of school affairs, and I got a great deal of experience. And during Easter vacation I begged my dad to let me try the big city of New York. He frowned. "Nothing doing!" he bellowed. But my mom told him that if it meant so much to me that he should let me try marketing my songs for a couple of days. And so he let me go.

Lucky

I took the train, arrived in the big city (didn't know a soul), called the first recording company I found in the classified telephone directory: ABC-Paramount.

They gave me an appointment.

Somebody told me once that if you're unlucky in love you're lucky in other things. And I was lucky. My songs sold. My mom and dad were wonderful to me. They gave me the money I needed to live in New York. And I concentrated on my career.

Diana was my first big hit, and I began touring, and I met wonderful girls all over the country. And last year I had the good luck to meet Annette Funicello. When I met Annette, I knew she was a very special person. She's so warm, so sincere. We met on the West Coast when I was filming *Girls' Town,* and then we really got to know each other very well on a p.a. tour across country. But our relationship was ruined by all the rumors. All the magazines wanted us to get married. Every other day Annette or I would read something about wedding bells ringing for us and how we planned to walk down the aisle very soon.

And we didn't know what to believe. Annette wondered if I was telling these stories to people, and I wondered if she was making them up. So we decided to cool the whole thing because we were young and had our careers. We're close friends now, more like brother and sister. After my romance with Annette, I wrote *Puppy Love.*

Now, again I'm all alone, looking for someone who's right for me, someone whom I'll be right for. And now that summer's over, I keep thinking of all my summer romances in Ottawa with the girls I told you about, with Kathy and Elaine and Baby, and I've written a song, out of my nostalgia, and called it *Summer's Gone.*

In the song I say, . . . *No songbirds are singing 'cause you're gone . . . gone from my arms, gone from my lips, but still in my heart.*

And that's the way I feel. There's love in my heart, and I want someone to love. And maybe, there's someone else who feels the same way I do, some girl somewhere who'll put her head on my shoulder now that summer's gone. . . . **END**

"They Stole My Memories"

(*Continued from page 51*)

set about putting a lock on the top drawer.

When Francina and Maria returned downstairs, Sophia picked up the manuscript of *The Millionairess*. But she put it down again a moment later. There was something else to be done. She walked over to the dressing table, opened a drawer and removed a black leather attache case. From the case, she took a small box, opened it and smiled as she looked at the necklace. She held it up to the light. She loved to look at her jewels. She loved having them near her. They were beautiful. They were symbolic, too. They were proof of her success, they were her steps to fame from poverty, they were assurance that she would never again be poor. She returned the necklace to its box and placed the case in the chest. She turned the lock and slipped the key into her pocket. She picked up her script, stretched out on the bed and began to study.

On the ground floor of the barn, Francina and Maria sat in the living room. Franca was busy in the kitchen. Outside a studio driver waited in the Rolls-Royce that the production company had provided for its star. He was standing by in case there were any errands to be done in Elstree during the afternoon and, most importantly, to drive Miss Loren to the airport that night.

At 4:00 p.m., he was told that he wouldn't be needed until 5:30. When he returned, he was dismissed for the rest of the day. Ricardo Aragno, one of the script writers, and a close friend of Carlo's had stopped by. He had a car. He would drive Miss Loren to meet her husband.

Just before 8:00 p.m., Sophia went to her room to get her coat. "Usually, I wore some of the jewelry," she remembered. "But this time I was dressed in blue jeans. This time, I took nothing."

At 8:05, she and Aragno left for the plane. At 8:25, Franca went to turn down the bed. Afterwards, she and Maria and Francina watched television in the drawing room. Ironically enough, one of the programs scheduled that night was *Dial 999*.

The Pontis arrived back at the house at 10:40. Carlo had never seen the house, Francina volunteered to show it to him. When they reached the bedroom, Carlo eyed the drawer with the lock. It was open. "You put the lock on?" he asked casually.

"Yes . . . for the jewels," replied Francina. He thought idly, "She hasn't put them in yet." And he thought nothing further about it. Then he and Carlo returned to the drawing room to join Sophia and Maria. Franca mixed everyone a drink. They sat and talked.

Discovery

At midnight, Sophia said good night and went upstairs. "In the small room, the furniture was close to the door," she remembered. "You looked at it without even wanting to. The drawer was open. I called to my hairdresser to ask if perhaps she'd picked them up for some reason. She called back that she hadn't. I walked over to the dresser, looked at the lock and called Francina and asked him if he had the jewels. He said that he hadn't."

"I saw that the lock had been forced," Francina remembered. "It was at that moment we realized what had happened. Sophia screamed. She doubled over, holding her stomach as in pain. She had to lean on me. 'My jewels . . . my jewels . . . , she cried, over and over, grief-stricken."

Carlo rushed up the stairs and into the room. He was followed by the frightened Maria and Franca. They heard a noise, somewhere outside the room. "He may still be in the house," Carlo raged. "Call the police, Sophia, Francina and I will look."

Now the police were there. But there was little more they could do until daylight. "We'll be back later in the morning. Try to get a bit of sleep now," said the superintendent.

How kind they are, Sophia thought.

Before getting into bed, she glanced at the clock. It was 5:00 a.m. She tried to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come.

The memories

Her jewels. . . . They weren't insured. She'd been waiting for Carlo to come, to make the arrangements, sign the necessary papers. "But it was not only the financial value," she told MODERN SCREEN later. "Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories."

With the money from each picture, she bought jewelry. How proud she'd been of the necklace from the first one, *Gold of Naples*. An inexpensive necklace—but her first. And she'd been able to buy it herself. There were the diamonds she'd worn when she'd been presented to the Queen of England. Who would have dreamed that Sophia Scicolone would ever have been presented to a Queen? There were the diamonds, emeralds, sapphires that her husband had given her. His first gifts to her. He'd never bought presents on her birthday, or on an anniversary. No, never. He would surprise her on an ordinary day, and make it the most special day in the world. "My jewels . . ." she moaned. "My jewels. . . " Finally, she fell asleep.

The police returned promptly at 10:00 a.m. They combed the house and the grounds.

It was Carlo who made the most spectacular discovery of the day—in the wall which separated Sophia's room from the half of the loft where her clothes hung. The spaces between the logs had been filled with a tan putty-like substance, from the loft side. In the corner, just to the left of the headboard he found that the putty had been scraped away. Through the crack, the thief had been able to look straight across to the chest. He'd also had a perfect view of the rest of the room. The thief had obviously been in the house for a lengthy time—and he had found a perfect hiding place.

They dusted for fingerprints. Took away the chest. They discovered that the window of Francina's room downstairs had been broken. They took that, too. They fingerprinted each member of the household, so that they could eliminate the prints when they found them on the pieces of furniture. They discovered scratches on the wood outside Sophia's bedroom window . . . scratches that might have been made by someone climbing out.

There were more questions. There was much to be discovered. How had the thief's mind worked? Had the robbery been planned from the Continent? Had the criminals followed her for days? *They must have,* she thought. *Only a very few people knew the whereabouts of the jewels . . . people close to me, people I can trust. Whoever it was must have been watching us all.* Whom had she seen? Whom had she met? Who might have seen her? Where had she been?



During a terrible storm in France recently a recording executive just barely prevented his car from skidding on the slippery roads of Neauphle-le-Chateau. He decided to interrupt his journey to Paris and have a brandy to steady his nerves.



As he entered the bistro he saw that the place was nearly deserted, and he was glad that he would be able to sit quietly sipping his cognac while recovering from the shock.

He was just debating whether to risk having another brandy when he thought he heard someone singing outside. Whoever she was, she had the most exciting voice he had heard in years.

The recording executive was most intrigued. "Listen," he said to the barman. "Do you know who it is?"

"Yes. That's Madame Charles David. She has a beautiful voice, you know."

"Where does she live?" the executive shouted excitedly.

"Just a few minutes walk from here. She lives with her husband and family in one of the small farmhouses you'll see up the road. . . ."

The recording executive didn't wait for any more. He paid for the brandy, left an enormous tip and raced up the road.

Madame Charles David looked quite surprised to see her caller when she opened the door to him. He was equally surprised because he had expected the owner of the voice he had heard to be much younger and slimmer. He handed his card to her, explained that he was always looking for new talent to sing on his records, and was puzzled when all she did was smile in a very secret way, as if she was enjoying a private joke.

He told her that he wanted her to travel to Paris next day and he would arrange an audition for her in front of his colleagues, but he was certain that they would all like her voice as much as he had done. When she declined his offer he was puzzled, but then he told her how rich and famous she could become if she did take advantage of his offer.

"I'm sorry but I don't want to leave my home and family," she said.

It was then that the executive noticed the trace of an American accent in her voice. So she must be an American married to a Frenchman. That was interesting.

"You'll remember American singers like Deanna Durbin, Jane Powell, Kathryn Grayson and Jeannette MacDonald, and I can guarantee that my company will make you as big an international star as they used to be."

Still Madame Charles David shook her head, and eventually he realized that he wouldn't do any good arguing with her. He would write to her when he returned to Paris. As he walked down the pathway from the farm onto the main road he heard her singing again, and her voice followed him all the way down to the bistro where he went in to see the owner to ask him more about Madame David.

"Yes, she has a lovely voice," he laughed. "Once she used to sing professionally and make films. They used to call her Deanna Durbin then, you know."



Deanna Today!

How had she spent all of her time? . . . She'd landed at Folkstone on the morning of May 17th, accompanied by Francina. Franca and Maria would arrive the next day, Carlo the following week. As she stepped off the boat, she carried the black attache case, along with her handbag. They'd gone straight to the customs shed. There, they stood a little apart from the rest of the passengers. *But,* she thought later, *only a little.*

"Have you anything to declare?" the customs man had asked her.

"My jewelry," she'd nodded down at the case she held.

"Are they personal property?"

"Yes."

"All right, then."

She wasn't required to open the case. As she left the shed to board the train, she glanced at the other passengers from the boat. Many of them had been watching her, still watched her. *Because I'm in pictures,* she thought. She smiled at them as she made her way to the Golden Arrow.

Arriving at Victoria Station, she found a lavish reception. Her co-star, Peter Sellers, was there to meet her. So were half the photographers and reporters in London, it seemed. A crowd gathered to stare at the spectacle. She saw no faces, only the outlines. She was still clutching the case when she walked into the crowded lobby of the Ritz Hotel. She laid her purse on the desk when she registered. She held the case. If people thought it odd, they might assume she was carrying important papers. *That's what attache cases are for,* she thought. Who would dream she had a half million dollars in her hand? Who, but a practiced thief?

She took the case with her to her room, selected the jewelry that she planned to wear for the 5:00 p.m. press conference, had the case taken to the hotel safe.

The day following her arrival in England, a studio driver arrived in a Rolls-Royce to take her to the studio at Elstree. It was 9:00 a.m. At 11:00, he returned to pick up Francina and the luggage. They were to drive to the house which the studio had rented for her. "At first she'd asked to stay at the club," the owner remembers. "She liked it so. But this time we were full, and so we offered her the Barn."

"I noticed that day that Mr. Francina sat with Miss Loren's attache case on his lap all the way to the Barn," says the driver. "But like I told Scotland Yard, if I'd thought for one minute that there were even two or three thousand pounds' worth of jewels lying around the house, I'd have gone to the security officer at the studio and asked him to suggest that they put the things in the studio safe. I think the suggestion would have been better coming from him.

"But if I'd had any idea of what was in the house, I'd have gone mad!"

The driver unloaded the luggage and took them into the house. Francina, with the attache case, walked the three hundred yards to the country club. He asked for the secretary, Mr. Scriben. When told he wasn't in, he asked whether he might put the jewels in the club safe. No, the gentleman was afraid that was impossible. The safe was for the use of members only. And it was only a small one.

"To be responsible for the safekeeping of things like that is something one thinks twice about," the country-club housekeeper explained to MODERN SCREEN later. "I always feel that things are safer in the bank. I was under the impression that she'd put them in the bank."

"I felt dreadful about the robbery when I heard of it. I didn't go over—so many people were there milling about. So I sent her a little note to say how sorry I

was that this awful thing had happened.

Francina returned to the house with the attache case. It seemed logical to keep them there for the night. ("The next day was the first day of shooting and she didn't know which scene she would be playing," Francina told MODERN SCREEN. "She wanted to be able to make a selection, decide that night, which might be the most suitable.")

The days passed. "It was so pleasant here," Sophia remembered. "It seemed as if nothing unpleasant could happen. . . ."

Yet, on Friday, she felt vaguely uneasy. Finally, she called the club. She spoke to Mr. Scriben. "Would it be possible for me to have a watchman?" she asked him. "I have many things of great value in the house."

Scriben chuckled. "He told me," Sophia recalled, "that in England you could sleep with your doors open at night."

. . . While Sophia talked that Sunday afternoon, the police listened intently. She talked "until I was so tired I just couldn't talk any more." She went to her room, lay on the bed, almost as in a daze. "I couldn't think about anything but the things in the case," she says. "There were the awards that I had won for my acting in Italy and France. . . . They meant that I had been recognized as an actress. They were great honors. And there was the little gold brooch from a fan in Sicily. My first gift from a fan—a gift that for the first time told me that the fans loved me. . . ." To the girl who'd known the cruelty of the taunts, the jeers of "Little Stick," to the girl who'd once thought that no one could ever love her, the knowledge was priceless. Her mother had said that the contents of the case had been bought with tears. How right she had been.

On Monday morning, the tension at Elstree was all but unbearable. When he'd heard the news the day before, cameraman Jack Hildyard had mentally begun to rearrange the lighting. They'd be shooting another scene, of course. How could Sophia be expected to appear. As director Anthony Asquith said later, "I was ready to shoot around Sophia and give her a chance to recover. I didn't expect her that day at all."

She arrived at 7:45, going straight to her dressing room. "Everyone told how sorry they were," remembers the publicist, Hugh Samson. "But they didn't keep on sympathizing in a maudlin way. That would have made it worse for her. She carried on like a real pro in front of the camera. But when she came off, she was miles away. She'd go into a real brown study. I felt so sorry for her. Once that day, she turned to me. There were tears in her eyes. 'Please help me recover my jewels,' she asked me.

"I suppose she thought I could help through publicity . . . but I don't know how. I told her, 'I wish I could. I could kill the guy who took them.'"

Scotland Yard men made the first of many visits to the set. They got a set of photographs of Sophia wearing the jewels from the still department. They talked to everyone connected with the film, on and off the set. "They came to me first thing," says the driver. "It was a natural fact that I happened to know that she was going to pick up Mr. Ponti, because I was going to take her to the airfield. I didn't, only because Mr. Aragno came along on the spur of the moment.

"They wanted to know if I'd seen anyone while I was waiting that day. Well, someone could have stood behind those bushes and I'd never have caught sight of him. I did notice people coming and going over to the club . . . and some of them were wandering across the grass. At the time, the thought crossed my mind that they must be having some sort of function there. Franca said she'd seen a strange car arrive and turn around and go out again, but it must have been while I was gone. As for anyone I could say looked suspicious—no. No, you've got to get it out of your mind that a thief is going to walk around looking like a thief. That's only in the movies."

. . . It was on Monday morning that a fisherman named Fred Smith saw a black case as he was helping uncover a cargo of rice by Fisher's Wharf. He took a long pole with a hook on the end of it, reached into the water and caught hold of the case. The string around it broke, and some of the contents spilled out. (They were later found to be empty boxes.) But Smith caught a glimpse of a small gold brooch. He took it out of the box. *Can't be worth much,* he thought. *Hmmm, interesting . . . spelled 'Sophia.' Sophia!* His eyes widened. He went to call the police.

The brooch was taken to the studio. "Yes! Yes! It's mine," Sophia cried. "May I have it now? May I keep it?"

The detectives promised that it would be returned to her.

"Most people want to be helpful," Sophia told MODERN SCREEN. "Most are kind. But the hoaxers. . . ." She shuddered. "They are the evil people. One of them wired me, 'Meet me at Victoria Railway Station tonight . . .' or something like that. Whoever sent it promised help, but signed no name." She brightened. "But others . . . they'd written such nice letters. They've sent gold rings and bracelets and crosses. And I had a letter from the Sicilian fan saying that he was so happy that they had found the brooch he'd given me and that he wished me luck in recovering the rest of the things. So there is something good about even the bad things that happen to you. You see, I never knew before how much people love me.

"And then there are the police. They are kindness itself. . . ."

And understanding. But firm. Each day, the superintendent would appear to report their progress.

A $60,000 reward was offered for the recovery of the jewels. "That is approximately ten percent," said Francina. "Actually, there was never a precise evaluation. It would have been hard to make. In any event, the reward is as much as the thief might get. The gems were antiques. They came from important jewelry. Every expert would know them. And so they would have to be broken up, made unrecognizable. And when you take them out of their settings, their value decreases."

There were no replacements for the jewels. "I don't want anything yet," Sophia said. "I must wait a bit. If Carlo were to give me something, I'd have the feeling of starting all over again. I don't want that. The police here are the best in the world and I must have faith."

She waited each day for the visit of Inspector Shepherd. And each day, as she'd go to meet him, her heart was in her throat. But still, there was hope in her heart.

Finally Sophia left for Rome, the case still unsolved, with uninsured luggage.

"The insurance company just wouldn't insure it," she said. "The reason is pretty obvious, but I don't think anyone would try anything now. Everything is gone. . . ." The child who was called 'little stick' has grown up and need no longer fear the jeers and taunts of the gutter. But, the past is not so far behind her that she can keep the wistfulness from her voice when she says of the jewels and her memories, "Everything is gone."

END

Sophia's latest films are IT STARTED IN NAPLES *and* A BREATH OF SCANDAL, *both Paramount.*



The Saddest Picture of the Year

(*Continued from page 31*)

had Tracy with her in London while she was working on *The Grass is Greener* there, Jean had arranged for the child to go horseback riding, because she loved horses so. At first Tracy hadn't been able to get used to the English saddle. "But it's not the way Daddy and I ride back home," she said. And then, after her first experience riding at the stables outside of London, Tracy'd come home with Nanny, her face dimpling. "I must tell Daddy how I rode," she'd exclaimed. "It's so funny. Oh, how Daddy will laugh when I tell him. . . ."

Would he? A shadow crossed over Jean's face. She knew that she and Tracy would be coming home to Hollywood soon. But she knew what the child didn't know . . . that for a long time she'd been unhappy in her marriage; that she'd tried to save it because there was such adoration between Stewart and Tracy . . . and that she was getting very tired of living a lie, of pretending that she and Stewart had an ideal marriage when the truth was so very different.

Little girls and their fathers have a special love of their own, she'd heard people say. She'd seen so many little girls' hearts broken when their mothers and daddies could no longer get along with each other. And she'd made up her mind over three years ago, when Tracy was a baby, that she wouldn't let anything deprive Tracy of her father.

The only trouble was that even then there was a shadow on their marriage. Even then, while they were pretending to be so very happy together, the marriage was beginning to deterioriate.

More familiar than his wife

Nanny came in to take Tracy for her ride in the park. Jean knelt and took her daughter in her arms and said, "Oh, will your daddy laugh when you show him the way you ride now."

She smiled to herself at the thought of Tracy's childlike assumption that her daddy knew nothing about the English customs. They were, of course, as familiar to him—even more familiar, she thought wryly—as the sight of his own wife. For he had been brought up in England, and he'd shuttled between England and other countries very often. He'd seen the shores of England almost as often as he and Jean had seen each other.

They'd never dreamed when they were first married that they'd be parted quite so much. Picture work took them in separate directions all over the world. It was odd, with all their partings that the relationship between Stewart and his daughter was so close. For the child had been traveling with her. But the thing was, a little girl who had fun with her father and could ride on the same horse or side by side with her father, could always remain close to him, even if they were miles away. Tracy's Daddy was something very special to her.

But a grown, warm-blooded young woman . . . how can memories of a husband who is far away be enough when she longs for his arms on a lonely night?

It was so strange how on the days and nights when she needed him most, destiny had so often kept them apart. It was togetherness, they said, that cemented a marriage.

But in the last four years she and Stewart had been together less than two years.

When she married him almost ten years ago, she had been so sure that their marriage could survive everything. She'd adored him then . . . had been in love with him from the time she was fourteen and had first seen him walking across a studio lot. It had taken her five years to win him, for he had been afraid she was too young to know her own mind. He had been through the upheaval of one divorce . . . for a while he had known the wrenching experience of being separated from his boy and girl by his first marriage.

It was after Jean's marriage to Jimmy (Jean calls him by his real name) that the two children, James and Lindsay, came to live with them, because their mother became too ill to take care of them.

And being responsible for these children had brought Jimmy and Jean even closer together than they'd been before. More than ever, Jean knew then what she wanted most out of life—Jimmy's child and hers.

When she first knew that she was going to become a mother, she had to break the news to him over the Transatlantic phone. It was not the way she'd dreamed. She'd always fancied herself whispering the happy news to him and being swept up in his arms. But he was in London making a film at the time.

Ray Bolger once played golf with Sam Goldwyn because he wanted a part Goldwyn was casting in a picture.

Goldwyn didn't mention the picture for hours. Finally he got around to it. He said, "I'm looking for a great dancer to do a wonderful role in a new picture. What would you think of Gene Kelly?"

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

"What's that you're saying?" he'd yelled into the phone. "A baby—when?"

He flew home as soon as he could, and he stormed into the house, railing at producers and at the rat race of picture-making that had kept him away from the side of his beloved "Pot Face."

Jean smiled, recalling this.

Strangers wouldn't understand

"Pot Face"—that was what he called her—and only he and Jean knew the tenderness, the love that went into that nickname. Strangers thought it was an odd nickname; they didn't understand the humor that was shared by these two.

The whole family was Bohemian, and had customs that were odd to Hollywood. They called Stewart's boy James "Jamesbag," his daughter, Lindsay, "Lindsaybag" and the children called Jean just plain "Bag."

Most people thought Stewart-Bag was just a tyrant. He was accustomed to roaring and swaggering around the studios. At home, he had his own way 100 percent. But Jean also knew that at home he had moods of wonderful tenderness when he romped with his two children. She knew that a man who was so good to them would be wonderful to their own child.

Of course, they were very sophisticated people and Jean knew that Jimmy wouldn't behave like most expectant fathers. He was a man of the world, his sentimental feelings controlled. He wouldn't get excited or stumble into doors or roar if she tried to move a chair. Only she was wrong. Delightedly wrong. He became absolutely unsophisticated when he knew that they were going to have a baby.

Like the way he took over when Jean was developing crazy hankerings for food. She woke up one morning with an acute longing for fried bread. "Don't I smell bread frying?" she asked wistfully. Almost from the beginning of their marriage, Jimmy, an excellent cook, had taken over the cooking and baking chores.

"No," he said.

But shortly afterwards she smelled bacon grease frying in the kitchen, and knew that Jimmy was frying bread, just the way she liked it. Knowing it wasn't good for her to continue to yearn for fried bread he cunningly gave it to her for breakfast, lunch and dinner—till she got so tired of it she never wanted to taste it again. Even the doctor agreed that he'd handled it very cleverly.

She was grateful

Jimmy could handle everything, just everything. Jean, on the other hand, felt that she was a complete idiot about everything. She gratefully let Jimmy take over completely. Even the baby.

When the baby was born, Jean was frightened.

"She's so tiny," she said. "I'm afraid if I hold her I might drop her."

She remembered how she'd looked at Jimmy while he held his baby tenderly, his big hands gentle and sure. At the beginning he took over the care of the baby, Tracy, just as he'd already taken over the care of the whole house and everything else around.

For all this and more, Jean loved him. She felt as if her heart would burst with gratitude. If later this was to give her a feeling of being stifled, she had no awareness of it then. She thought only, at that time, "Where in the world is there another man like Jimmy—so rough, so domineering on the outside, and so soft with the children? And what other man would coddle me so, make me feel like a child?"

It was a perfect marriage. Even the people in Hollywood who had thought it was a crazy marriage at first—a beautiful, ardent, flighty young girl marrying a man twenty years older than she—were now ready to admit that it was okay. They were beginning to understand that Jean, in her own gentle way, was able to handle the blustering actor whom most of Hollywood feared.

But even while Hollywood was making up its mind that perhaps these two, after all, were right for each other, the seemingly wonderful fabric of their marriage was beginning to deteriorate.

It had begun so quietly, so slowly, the deterioration of their marriage. Now that she thought of it, it had begun even before Tracy was born.

Even while she was defending him in her mind, she was reacting unhappily to the way in which he bawled out people on the set. If a plumber came to their house to do work for them and Jimmy didn't like the way the work was done, he'd bawl him out as though he himself knew a great deal more about plumbing than the plumber did. It was the same way with directors.

She knew that people in Hollywood thought of them as the "doll" and the "brute." She was always popular with the people she worked with; those who worked with Stewart were often livid with hostility.

At first she figured he was older and wiser than she. And she thrilled like a little girl at his rages, thinking his anger was a sign of his strength.

It was inevitable that when she was cast

in different movies opposite other handsome and competent actors that she should compare them in her mind with Stewart.

Most of them were wiser in their industry relations. They didn't fight with their directors, didn't tell off the set workers, display temperament.

Though she wouldn't confess it even to herself, she was getting a little tired of the temper tantrums.

Did a really strong man have to have such tantrums, she wondered—and tried to banish the thought from her mind, as though it were a sign of disloyalty.

And then came Stewart Granger's great inspiration.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, now that they had three children to look after, to buy a big ranch in Arizona where the children would have a normal life? Eventually they could retire to this ranch.

She was appalled. Why, they were so young. How could Jimmy talk of retirement? And anyway, what did they know of ranch life? Such a life was for one's old age—fifteen or twenty years from then, they might be ready for retirement.

Jimmy had laughed at her fears. "Retirement?" he howled. "I meant years from now. Not now. Have you any idea of the hard work involved on a ranch? I'll be knocking myself out like mad. Anyway, a ranch is expensive. It'll take us years, darling, to pay for the darned thing or to make it begin to pay for itself. Meanwhile, it'll be a wonderful place for the children."

Yes, the children. Maybe it would be good for them. She had become accustomed to letting Jimmy make the decisions. Even though she had misgivings she went along with the idea and invested her money in the ranch.

They converted an old adobe house into a beautiful ranch home, and furnished it beautifully. As usual, Jimmy was in charge of the whole thing; Jean looking on like a child. She went there when she could and tried to convince herself that she loved it, but she was miserable there.

She felt as though she were stuck in the middle of nowhere; she couldn't stand either the 110° heat outside, or the dullness inside.

Life on the ranch was strenuous for Jimmy, but there just wasn't enough for Jean to do. There were many times when she found the monotony almost too much to take.

She and Jimmy would get up around seven; then she and Tracy would go riding on the truck and she'd take the child horseback riding before the heat became unbearable. Jean tried to get interested in watching the branding and other activities on the ranch, but they soon palled on her.

Added to the problem of adjusting to the ranch was the fact that there were so many times when she and Jimmy were parted by their work. At such times he would leave the baby reluctantly. It was those reluctant partings with Tracy that made her feel that somehow she must make her marriage last.

When had it happened, that feeling that it was all over. . . ?

Was it that certain evening at the ranch, a few months ago, when something happened to finally make her face the fact that she no longer was in love with Jimmy?

The thrill was gone—

The children were asleep, and Jimmy, long legs stretched out on an immense leather hassock, his ruggedly chiseled features and greying hair highlighted by the fire on the hearth, sighed contentedly and reached out for her hand.

She let him put his strong hand over her slim one, but the thrill she had once felt when his hands touched hers was no longer there. She stirred restlessly, remembering how she used to tingle at every touch of his. His face was as handsome as ever, the magnificent body was still youthful and vital.

And there was so much more serenity in him than there had been in the old days. She had thought she would welcome the serenity. Instead, she chafed at it. It made her too conscious of the years between them. In the nine and a half years they had been married, she had changed from a naive young girl to a restless, desirable woman, and Jimmy had changed to a mellow but middle-aged man. Now everybody called her a fascinating woman, and many men had been fascinated by her. That wouldn't have mattered if Jimmy had been close by at all times to reassure her with his love, his physical presence.

There had been too many times when he was away, times when she ached for a man's arms around her, but stifled that ache. And finally, aching so much for love and not having her husband there to assuage the ache had left a void in her heart.

Make Believe

Their marriage had been make-believe for a long time now. How could she go on pretending? If she did, she might end by hating Jimmy—Jimmy, who, after all, was not at fault. He had been very decent letting her travel thousands of miles away from him with Tracy.

Tracy . . . Tracy . . . the little daughter named for one of their best friends, Spencer Tracy. How she had put off the thought that she might some day be forced to tell her, "No darling, Daddy does not live here with us."

That night on the ranch she thought about it . . . thought about her restlessness.

She couldn't sleep. And finally she said to herself, "Some day I must decide whether or not to leave Jimmy. We're no longer right for each other. But I'll decide tomorrow."

And now, sitting in her suite in the Dorchester, it seemed that the tomorrow she had been staving off these past months, had finally come. She and Tracy would soon be leaving London. Jimmy was in Hollywood, awaiting her return with their little girl. Then he would take off for India, for a picture. When he returned she'd be off somewhere. Jean put her hand to her head. It could only drag on like that forever.

If she didn't tell him now, they'd fall into the same endless pattern . . . the separations, the pretending, the frustrations. This was the time to resolve it, before they came face to face again. When she faced Jimmy, her courage fled.

She reached for the phone and put through a call to Beverly Hills. She must tell him before Tracy came home with Nanny.

"Darling," she said when she heard his voice. And then she thought, "How we cling to old phrases even after they're dead."

"Jimmy," she said slowly, "Don't think this is a sudden decision with me. It's not. I've been thinking—for such a long time. . . ."

He had seemed shocked. Then he'd asked about Tracy. Yes, he'd be able to see her any time it was possible. She wouldn't deprive the child.

Then she sat by the phone and waited for Tracy to come back. . . . **END**

Jean stars in three new films—United Artists' ELMER GANTRY, *and Universal-International's* SPARTACUS *and* THE GRASS IS GREENER.

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The Truth About Our Make-Believe Romance

(*Continued from page 26*)

the public, the press, and to some extent themselves, into making believe they are in love and headed for a lifetime together. But all of the castles they've been building are not in the air; some are firmly rooted in the dry California soil.

Some months ago Harry Karl sold a home he had built to last him a lifetime as a happy bachelor. It had two bedrooms and it sold for half a million dollars. In parting with the gem, Karl stood sadly in the street with the new occupant for a last look.

"I hate to give it up," he said.

"Then why are you selling it?" the buyer asked.

"I have to have a bigger place for Debbie and the kids," Karl said.

Harry's suite and Debbie's home

And from his large suite at The Beverly Hills Hotel, Harry Karl began leisurely house hunting. He pored over elegant brochures from the toniest realty offices in Hollywood and its environs, beautifully illustrated with photos of Taj Mahal-type cottages and roomy mansions and with text bordering on literature describing the superb features of the properties offered. And there were stacks of blue prints, expensive suggestions as to what money can accomplish in piling brick on stone to come up with a home.

In another part of the town Debbie Reynolds walked the long length of her living room to a window that overlooked the yard in which her children, Carrie and Todd Fisher, were playing. She listened to the sounds of their play and watched the physical activity they put into it, and she couldn't help but think: "This is the home they have always known. These are the trees and that is the grass and those are the flowers they have in their minds when they ask to go out to play. Can I take them away from these things?"

She let the curtain fall back into place, hiding all but the voices of the children from her, and paced off the carpet to the other end of the living room. She noticed the spots on the carpet where candy had been dropped or milk spilled or where a particularly dirty pair of infant shoes had left a permanent mark, And there was the chip in the edge of the coffee table, beyond repair, and the scratches made by adventurous hands questioning the relative hardness of a metal toy car and mahogany—and the thin, long streaks in the couch cushions resulting from a child's curiosity about how long a jutting piece of thread would turn out to be if it were pulled from the material with determination.

"Can I," she said to herself, "take these familiar things away from them? Will they feel displaced, no matter what manner of mansion I replace these things with?"

Debbie threw herself deep into the feathery comfort of a large chair and speculated, not on brochures or blueprints, but on the *manner* of home she could provide if she married Harry Karl. Luxury would be there in abundance, she well knew, luxury in real things beyond the hopes of even the most famous of movie stars. Space would be there, more than enough to sleep and feed the five children that might sometimes live there together—and allow them room to romp —and the in-laws and Harry Karl's grown daughter, son-in-law and grandson if they should all pile in at once.

And there would be servants in every doorway and cars and all the money needed to satisfy the wildest whim of any of them. And trips and resort homes, subsidiaries of the big house, and furs and jewels and fine schools for the children as they grew older. And most important of all, there would be a man about the house, a man to point authoritatively to the stairway at bedtime, take care of Todd when he fell out of a tree, fix the broken head of Carrie's doll and put them both on the carpet when they were naughty.

"Could I," Debbie wondered, "exchange these precious things my children have lived with for all of that?"

She knew she'd have to find the answer soon. . .

And at the Beverly Hills Hotel, scanning the pamphlets and plans, Harry Karl, caring not for the cost of anything, halted for a moment, leaned back and pondered on a well-lived life and a future he was sure he would like. His start in life had been a foundling home. He was taken from it as a sickly baby by a childless Russian immigrant couple who doted on him. Although he grew up to head a million-dollar enterprise, he could never forget that he started, at eight years old, by polishing shoes in what was then a cramped repair shop. Although his life was one of ease and luxury now, he didn't have the one thing he wanted most: recognition and the spotlight.

This he could have, married to a famous movie star. . . .

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Eddie's Worry

At an elegant New York restaurant, Eddie Fisher and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, sat at Table Number One, set exquisitely for two, and dined silently. Liz had thoughts about tomorrow's scenes and the lines she must learn before she went to sleep. Eddie was engrossed in a more pertinent thought:

Did Debbie really love Harry Karl? Would she be happy with him? It was important to him, because the future serenity of his children might depend on it. If she *didn't* love him, would she be happy anyhow with what he could give her?

"How is your steak?" Liz asked.

"Time will tell," said Eddie. Then he laughed. "I'm sorry," he said, "I was thinking of something else. . . ."

The romance—if it is a romance—of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is, indeed, a matter of vital concern for a number of people. For the children involved, the couple themselves, the ex-husband of Debbie, the former wives of Harry Karl and his year-old grandson. All will be affected by it, substantially.

Will they marry?

A few weeks ago a press agent called a Hollywood columnist and indirectly mentioned the "coming marriage of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl." The columnist hit the ceiling. "I am sick and tired," he snarled, "listening to the phony story about those two. Why don't you try something new?"

Nevertheless, all the newspaper and magazine reporters who cover the Hollywood beat are keeping a close watch on the developments. Consequently, many hours are spent in the grog and coffee shops these press people frequent on speculation as to where, when, how, etc. And if. A recent conversation between the legmen of two of the top columnists went something like this:

"Where do you think they'll do it?"

"If it's up to her some quiet place, a hideout. If it's up to him, maybe Las Vegas."

"How do you figure that?"

"You know her. Reserved, wants complete privacy in her personal life. And he loves a parade—and publicity."

"Do you think they'll be happy?"

"Why not? They'll both be getting what they want. She wants security and a permanent home. He wants a magenta spot on him every time he goes outdoors. He can use hers."

"Do you think this marriage will be made in heaven?"

"No. . . ."

What Hollywood thinks of the "romance"

The gist of what Hollywood thinks of the union of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is contained in that conversation. Take a look at the past of Debbie, for instance. Torn from obscurity by a local beauty contest, she was plunged into a world of make-believe she never really wanted. But it was work, better than she could have found in Burbank. And, while the glare of publicity that went along with the job wasn't much to the liking of a girl who craved a lot of solitude, she was, early in the game, willing to make the sacrifices.

Then, as the years passed and Debbie rose from a starlet being pushed to the top of the heap by every means her studio could muster, and her fan mail proved what was happening, and her salary increased to that of a top star—Debbie was forced to face certain facts. The price of fame is high. She had, by becoming an idol of countless millions of young people, accepted certain responsibilities she could not shirk. If she had inclinations to be wayward they had to be curbed. If she wanted to go to some place she saw pictured in a travel magazine, she had to remember she was not the little girl who lived in a little house in Burbank but Debbie Reynolds, who maybe shouldn't be seen in such a place, or she had to face the true fact that she wasn't able to go places like an average vacationer, because she was Debbie Reynolds, the movie star. And she had to forego the heady days of juvenile romance, getting a crush on the best-looking basketball player in school, steady-dating the kid down the block or falling in love with the delivery boy from the corner drug store. She was a famous celebrity—and it wouldn't have been fit.

The price of fame was high—but the rewards were not in proportion.

Fame, for instance, is, in the main, a prying eye. It is a chain of bondage after a while. And then the money. The first figure on the paycheck was big,

real big—but, after the tax deductions, it was small; then the agents, the publicity men, the dressmakers, the hundred and one demands made on the check brought it down to nothing like what a girl hoped it might be at the beginning. And Debbie wondered if the sacrifice was worth the pay-off. At the rate she was going she'd be secure for life—but she'd never be rich. The yachts and silver Rolls-Royces are not for movie stars. They can't afford them.

There is no question about Debbie Reynolds' marriage to Eddie Fisher being a love match. And, as far as she was concerned, it was for life. *Even in the spotlight,* she thought, *I can find some normality, something that resembles the happiness I see in others.* She was wrong.

"Debbie Reynolds," a radio gabber said, "is taking the smash-up of her marriage to singer Eddie Fisher like a real trouper. She is dignified in her statements. She is accepting defeat at the hands of Elizabeth Taylor graciously. And she hasn't lost her sense of humor. . . ."

And all the while Debbie was like any other young woman in her situation—too stunned to make sense, in tears every time she was alone, proud before strangers, and, as she had been taught, witty when the jerks who couldn't read a woman's sorrow in her face made their silly jokes. And, like the rest of the women in her position, she suffered the cuts and walked away from the inevitable one day with the same scars. You know her today by those scars.

Debbie's fear

And she confides to her closest friends now that she is afraid she may never fall in love again. Yet being with Harry Karl, experiencing the warmth of his deep concern for her and her children, having someone there to take the heavy load of her responsibilities on his shoulders, being treated like a glamorous young woman instead of a wife cast aside—all this left a glow that seemed very much like love. And it would be so good to feel that wonderful feeling again. Debbie longed to be in love again. But if it wasn't real . . . ?

Debbie Reynolds is no longer the youngster with stars in her eyes. She is a mature woman with concrete values. She devotes a good deal of her time to work with The Thalians, a group dedicated to the care of mentally retarded children. She doesn't play at this—she works at it and she is known as a tireless, sound-thinking executive officer of the group. In business, the business of making deals for movies, that is, she is known as a sharp trader, more than wise to her own value and the value of a dollar. As a film star, she knows her rank in the firmament and she sees that she gets every bit of respect due her on the set. To some people she is known as a tyrant, to others a snob, to others a real tough dame. Maybe she is all of these things. And if she is, it is because she was made that way. The ingredients of the formula went into the flask—and Debbie Reynolds, as she is today, came out.

As to Harry Karl, his tale is the reverse of Debbie's. Some say he has a very large fortune—others, including his former wives, not so large. At any rate it is enough to allow him to live in luxury such as few men get to know! His whole background is laced with evidence of his liking for publicity and desire for acceptance by the community of celebrities in which he lives as one worthy of mention in the daily blabs. He has had a press agent for years—and he is probably the only shoe maker in the world with a private press agent. In moments of strife, such as when his ex-wife got into quite startling jams, Harry was always available to the boys with the by-lines for a quote. He contributes handsomely to the Los Angeles Press Club. One of his adopted sons is named Harrison, after a local gossip columnist. Yes, Harry digs the limelight.

As to the kind of husband he would make Debbie, who can tell? But his ex-wives may give us a clue. His first wife, Ruth Winters, now operates an accessory shop in a Beverly Hills beauty salon. They were married twenty-four years ago, not too long after Debbie was born, and have been divorced fourteen years. They had a daughter, Judy, who is now twenty. Harry owes nothing, nor does he *give* anything to his first wife. He does, however, employ his daughter's husband at a quite respectable salary—and more than likely gives his grandson shoes for free.

Not joyous at all

Harry's second wife, Marie MacDonald, is considerably less than kind in speaking of Harry and her memory of her times with him are not joyous at all.

"I hated being married to Harry," she stated frankly quite recently. "He was fun when I dated him. I didn't even know he was a rich man. I thought his uncle owned a few shoe stores. (There will be loud laughter from many who know the canny Marie at this.) After we were married I discovered he was subject to terrible fits of depression. He'd stay in bed for days at a time, all wrapped up in depressed moods. I couldn't stand it. We lived in a house like Wuthering Heights—and after a while I began to feel low and depressed all the time. When I left him, I felt as though a great weight had been lifted from me."

Marie adds, "I think he finds in Debbie something he found in me. Vivacity. Now in my case, I had all the vivacity—and I think she'll find out the same thing. She won't know what he's really like while she's dating him.

"And as for the children, we have three, two adopted, Denise and Harrison, both aged ten, and Tina, who is our natural child, aged three and a half. Harry has seen the children only three times last year and twice this year. I don't know how good he is to Debbie's kids—but he doesn't bother much with his own."

According to Marie, Harry Karl's income, after taxes, is about $56,000.00 a year today. If he were to live with Debbie and the family, the way he wants to live, this wouldn't go very far.

And he pays a heavy divorce settlement to Marie. She gets $3,500 a month alimony until the day she dies, whether she marries again or not. She gets $750.00 a month each for the three children—and Harry pays extra for such items as clothing, toys, medical and dental care, transportation to and from school—and, when the day comes, he will pay their college tuitions and board while they are being educated. So, even if he is a little blue once in a while, he most surely has established credit as a good family provider in latter years. . . .

As Harry Karl pores over luxury house plans in his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Debbie looks around the home her children know and love. And she looks into her heart and the truth becomes very clear to her. She is not in love with Harry Karl, she probably never was. But she had wished she were. Wished it so much that she almost believed it, and certainly the public believed it. But she'd only been fooling herself.

She knew now, beyond a doubt what the answer would be: "I like him better than any man I know," she admitted, "but I have no plans to marry . . . I'm going to think a long time before I marry anyone."

END

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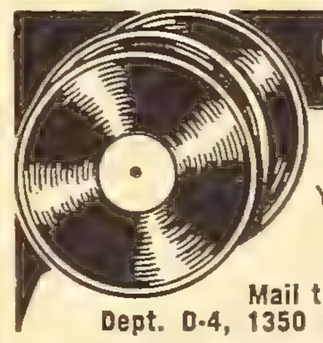
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The Nun I Hated

(*Continued from page 35*)

Jersey tone of hers. She smiled pleasantly.

"Yeah," Connie said, flatly.

"Welcome then," said the girl, "and here, let me help you with your suitcase."

Connie pulled the valise away. "I'll kick you in the shins if you touch this," she snapped. "I'll—"

A voice interrupted her. "Hello," it said, "you must be Concetta Ingolia. We've been expecting you. My name is Sister M———."

Connie looked up at the nun, a young and beautiful lady, with one of those faces and expressions she'd seen in paintings of saints her dead grandmother used to keep around the house. It made her sad to think of her dead grandmother now. It made her feel like bawling. But she wasn't going to bawl now, no sir. Because bawling was the farthest thing from being tough.

"Come," the nun said, as Connie stood looking at her, "let's go to my office and get to know one another a little. . . ."

The nosy business

In the office, sure enough, the nun started with the nosy business.

"I see no mention here of your mother," she said, looking at a paper she'd just pulled from a folder. "Is she alive, Concetta?"

"She and my father got divorced when I was two," Connie said.

"And do you ever see her?" asked the nun.

"Sure, a lot," Connie said, lying, the truth being that she only saw her mother a couple of times a year.

"And your father's a musician," the nun said.

"*That's* why I'm here," Connie said. "He's gotta go on the road all the time to make a buck and he couldn't take care of me."

"You lived with your grandmother until recently?" asked the nun.

"Until she died," Connie said.

"Rest her soul," said the nun. Then, "And I guess there was nobody else to take care of you."

"Sure there was," Connie said. "I've got nine aunts and thirty-one first cousins and we're a big close family—" She stopped. The truth would show if she kept on talking, she was afraid; the truth that nobody in that big close family, nice as some of them were, really wanted to take care of her, to take the responsibility for her.

She watched the nun now as she reached for another piece of paper—a medical report. And she listened as the nun, in a very quiet and long way, and even turning red in the face once in a while, asked the nosiest question of them all—"because," as she said, "I must know for our own records, my dear, and so that we can help you and give you advice."

Connie sat, hearing her out.

And then she said, "Oh, *that's* happened to me already, yeah. I know all about it. I was in a hotel room one night, on the road, visiting my father. He was out, working. I was alone when it happened. I got scared at first. I even thought I was dying. But I asked a maid in the hotel, finally. And she explained it all to me . . . This maid."

When she was finished talking, Connie noticed that the nun was looking at her, very sympathetic.

This made her uncomfortable.

She didn't want any sympathy from anybody here, especially not from a nun.

"How come you're a nun?" she asked, suddenly, remembering hearing once from somebody that nuns don't like to be asked that question.

"How come?" Sister M——— asked back.

And not mad, either. But smiling a little, just like those pictures of the saints. "Because, Concetta," she said, "I am in love with Christ our Lord, and because this is the only way I know to show Him my love.

"What," she asked Connie then, "do you want *your* life to be like, when you grow older? What do *you* want to become?"

"I don't know," Connie said, lying again, since more than anything she wanted to be a singer—but why should she go telling this nun and have to hear her say, "Oh, how nice," or something stupid and phony like that?

"Well," said the nun, "there's plenty of time to decide, isn't there?"

If anything is ever wrong . . .

When Connie didn't answer, she got up from her chair and she said, "Concetta, before I show you to your room and introduce you to some of the girls, I want you to know that if anything is ever wrong, if you ever want to talk over anything, you must feel free to come and talk with me . . . All right?"

Connie shrugged. "I guess so," she said.

"And," the nun started, "if, at the beginning, especially, you ever find yourself feeling lonely—"

"Me?" Connie interrupted. "I'm never lonely . . . Look," she said, "When I was a little kid, my very first day of school, in *kindergarten*, I went alone. Other kids were standing around with their mothers, holding their hands, crying. And me, I was alone. And not crying."

"You're a very independent young lady, aren't you?" the nun asked, still smiling a little.

"Yeah," Connie said, "very independent" —whatever that word meant.

For the next moment, the two of them stood, looking at each other, the nun thinking her thoughts; and Connie thinking hers—how she wanted so much right now to say something mean and nasty to this stiff lady in black with all her make-believe niceness, something so mean and terrible that the nun would have to let her have it, a good hard slap in the face; yes, *that* was what she wanted, Connie knew now, for the nun to get so mad she'd have to bring up her hand, and so that she, Connie, could say, "You lay a paw on me and they'll hear me all the way over in Brooklyn!"—just one good slap so she could leave this place and go back to where she'd come from and stay with a girlfriend's family, with anybody, till she got old enough to be on her own.

Oh yes, Connie knew, this was just the time for her to say something and get the nun's goat and then get going.

But she knew, too, that she couldn't say anything now, not now this minute, *not* as the nun stood there with her fingers touching, all of a sudden, very gentle, that big silver crucifix she was wearing around her neck.

Well, Connie thought, looking back up, into the nun's eye, *there's still time. And there's ways. And I'll find a way . . . You just wait and see. . . .*

For the next few weeks, Connie tried everything to get kicked out of the school. She didn't study; she yawned all through her classes. She was sullen sometimes, mopey. And when she wasn't moping she was rude, always looking for fights. She tried aggravating everybody; the girls on her floor, the girls in her classes, the nuns, Sister M———, especially, the one she couldn't stand most of all. But everybody, it seemed, forgave her her aggravations and turned the other cheek. "Poor Concetta," she overheard one of them say one day, "she must be so lonely with nobody ever coming to visit her. It's no wonder she's so nervous and doesn't want to talk to us."

"Poor Concetta, my eye," Connie thought. "Just give me time!"

More weeks passed.

And more.

Still, nobody was kicking Connie out of any place.

How to get kicked out

And then, another day, Connie overheard another conversation. This time the girls were talking about a former classmate of theirs, wondering how she was doing now. It seemed that this girl had had the pleasure of being asked to leave the school, because she'd been caught writing something "insulting," by Sister M———, of all people, and in her class, too.

Mmmmmmmmm, Connie thought to herself, hearing this.

"Mmmmmmmmmmboy!"

Suddenly, she smiled triumphantly.

She knew now what she had to do.

She sat in Sister M———'s class that next morning. The other girls were sitting with clasped hands, looking up all attention at the nun, who was explaining something on the blackboard, while Connie, ignoring the lesson, was writing furiously away in her notebook.

I hate this school, she wrote.

I hate the food.

I hate my room.

I hate the girls.

I hate the nuns.

And I really hate Sister M———, who is a pain in the neck and thinks she's so holy.

She looked up when she was finished, wondering whether the nun had noticed her.

But Sister M——— hadn't; or, at least she looked as if she hadn't.

So Connie started again. And this time she pressed down harder with her pencil and wrote slower, and underlined the words *really hate* and *Sister M———.*

And this time, she was glad to see, she got caught while doing it.

"Concetta," the voice came floating across the room, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Connie said.

She gave her notebook a push and made it drop to the floor.

"Have you been writing something, Concetta, instead of listening?" Sister M——— asked.

"Sort of," Connie said.

"May I see what you've been writing?"

Connie cleared her throat and pretended to be embarrassed. She picked her notebook up from the floor. "I'd rather not," she said.

"Concetta," the nun's voice came, "if you don't mind, please bring that book up to me."

Connie did.

Sister M——— read what she had written.

"All right," said the nun, when she'd finished, her voice very calm, but her eyes kind of sad-looking, of all things, "—now you tear this page out of your book, and go tack it onto the bulletin board out in the hall, and then go to my office and wait for me."

Connie rushed—nearly skipped—out into the hall, and did as she was told. Then, as she was about to go on to Sister M———'s office, another nun, an old nun, came over to see what Connie had tacked to the board.

"Tsk-tsk," said the nun, when she read it, "and we'd had such high hopes for you here. Sister M———, especially, always saying those nice things about your potentials."

Two girls, walking by now, came to see what the old nun was tsk-tsking about. They, too, read what Connie had written.

"Golly," one of them said, looking at Connie, "at least it's nice to know who your friends are."

"So she's chicken and can't take us," the other said, not looking. "Well then, good riddance to her."

And they walked away. . . .

The nun's farewell

Connie sat waiting in Sister M———'s office a little while later. She'd been waiting only a few minutes, but it had seemed like days. She wished the nun would hurry up and come, so they could get this over with. She didn't feel good, all of a sudden, for some reason; her head was aching and her stomach was making noises, and she wished—oh come on, come on, she wished—that they could get this over with.

Sister M———, when she finally did come back to the office, said nothing at first. She just sat down in her chair and she looked at Connie with those suddenly sad eyes of hers.

"Well, you gonna kick me out now?" Connie said after a minute, figuring that maybe she was the one who was supposed to start the conversation.

"No," Sister M——— said, shaking her head. "I'm not going to kick you out, as you say, Concetta . . . I'm going to let you out."

"Same thing," Connie said.

"No," Sister M——— said again, shaking her head. "It's not the same thing, Concetta. Bad girls, really bad girls, get *kicked* out of here. But good girls, really and basically good girls, like you—"

"I'm not so good," Connie found herself saying.

"—But good girls like you," the nun went on, "well, it always gives us much sorrow to find out they don't want us, any of us, and that they don't want to stay with us."

Then the nun said, "We'll have to notify your father, and tell him that you want to go. Where can we locate him right now, Concetta?"

Connie told her.

"All right," said the nun. "I'll phone him in a little while. He can send somebody over to pick you up . . . and then you can go."

Connie took a deep breath and rose and started to head for the door.

"It might take a few days," the nun said, as she did.

"I know," Concetta said, placing her hand on the doorknob.

"And," the nun said, "meanwhile, if you want, you can keep on coming to classes. Or you can stay in your room. Or do anything, Concetta. . . .

"And," she went on, smiling a little again now, the way she normally did, "while you remain here, if there's anything you want, want to talk over, anything, you just come down here and you still consider yourself free to talk with me. Any time, Concetta . . . Do you understand, my dear?"

Connie's hand tightened on the door knob.

She tried to turn it, but she couldn't.

Because it felt heavy in her hand now, and her hand felt very light, both at the same time, and she couldn't, she couldn't open the door.

"If you'd like to stay . . ."

She stood there for a long moment, trying.

And then the ache in her head got worse, suddenly, and her stomach began to feel more and more upset. And she began to cry, suddenly.

"You!" she screamed then, looking up from her hand, and over at the nun. "Youuuuuuuuu!"

Sister M——— got up. "What's the matter?" she asked, all concerned. "What in the world's the matter?"

"You!" Connie screamed again. "Why do you have to be so nice like this? Why can't you be mean like me? Why do you have to go making me feel so bad . . . *now?*"

She was bawling by this time; not crying, but bawling.

"I don't deserve it," she said, the bawling growing louder, "—you being so nice to me."

She leaned against the door.

"Why," she bawled, "—why don't you just let me go in peace?"

Sister M——— rushed from where she was standing, and over to Connie. She put her arms around the girl. She held her close, and gentle, as she let her cry it out.

And then, when the crying had stopped, she said, "Would you like me to get you some water?"

"No," Connie said.

"Is there anything you'd like?" the nun asked.

Connie said nothing.

"Is there, Concetta?"

Still, Connie said nothing.

"Tell me," said the nun, very softly. "Come on . . . don't be a baby. If you'd like to stay, just tell me."

"You mean I can?" Connie asked. "I'm not in too hot water? Hey, how'd you know, anyway, that I wanted to stay?"

Sister M——— just smiled that little smile of hers.

And Connie, figuring she'd better get back to her classes while the going was good, whispered something about a thank you, and turned towards the door.

And once again she brought her hand up to the doorknob.

And this time, she saw, she could turn it, very very easily. . . .

Talks with sister

You would have thought Connie had taken a lease on Sister M———'s office, they were together so much after that incident—that is, when Connie wasn't in class or up in her room doing her homework or spending time with lots of the girls who'd become her friends. She spent lots of time with these friends now, hour after hour, nice pleasant hours. But her happiest hours, by far, were those she would spend in Sister M———'s office, whenever Sister M——— had the time to spare, and where they both would relax, and talk, talk, talk. They talked about many things, the two of them—religious things, lay things, what you might call hygiene things, happy things, sad things, current events things, future things, past things, all things.

And though many of these conversations they had are just vague memories to Connie now, swept away by the sands of time, as they say, some of the things that happened between her and Sister M———, and some of the conversations they had, these Connie will never forget.

Like their conversations that day Connie was feeling blue.

"I feel sometimes, Sister," she'd say, "like things are wrong, even though I don't know *what's* wrong. And I get all choked-up feeling inside me. And I'm really not much good, much fun, to be around . . . And I don't know what to do till the feeling passes."

"Well," Sister M——— had said, "if I were you, I'd use that time to catch up on some of my prayers, to begin with. And I'd use it to read; that's a perfect time to sit alone with a book, you know. And," she'd asked, "you like to sing, don't you, Concetta?" At least, I hear you sometimes, singing softly, when I'm passing your room?"

"Yes," Connie had said, "I love to sing."

"Then sing aloud," Sister M——— had



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said, "for all the world to hear. Happy songs. Songs you like. Sing," she'd said, and then she'd winked, "except," she'd said, "during Mass and during Meditation, of course. . . ."

And then there was the time they'd talked about Connie's "boyfriend."

"Who is he you're so stuck on," Sister M——— had asked, "and why are you so sad about him?"

"Well, you know on Fridays, when I go shopping at the market with Sister A———?" Connie had asked. "Well, there's this dreamboat of a boy who works there, in meats and fish. And every Friday I'd try to catch his eye and hope that he'd talk to me. And finally, last Friday he did. And do you know what he said? He said he was going in the Army right away."

"The Army?" Sister M——— had asked, all astounded. "How old is this boy, Concetta?"

"Going on twenty-one," Connie had said.

"And how old are you?"

"Going on fourteen."

"More like thirteen," the nun had said. "Oh, Concetta!"

And there had followed a very serious discussion on boys and girls and the little matter of differences-in-their-ages. . . .

About sin, about heaven

There were other times together, other conversations.

Like the conversation about Connie's stepsister, and Connie's own sin.

"My mother got married again, you see," she'd said, "and she had another daughter, my stepsister . . . I went to see them one day. My mother took me in to see the baby. And you should have seen the room—a room all to herself, she had—all in pink, and with a beautiful crib, and with a place where my mother said the baby's bed would go when she was bigger, a canopy bed, she said. And all I could do was stand there and envy this little baby, because *she* was going to get all the things from my mother that I never got. . . . And, Sister, I wonder, was it a sin to envy this baby like I did?"

"Do you envy her still?" Sister M——— had asked.

"No," Connie had said. "I've thought it over since then—she's only a little baby, and I can only wish her the best."

"Then," Sister M——— had said, much to Connie's happiness, "it was a sin at the time. But it is no longer. . . ."

And then there was the time they'd talked about Brownie.

"He was my dog, when I was a kid," Connie had said, "the most wonderful little mutt in the world. He ran away one day, and I think he got killed. Anyway, I asked another nun, in Brooklyn, if he would go to heaven, at least; if there was a place in heaven for dogs, even mutts. And she said, 'Don't go bothering me with such foolishness. The church has enough to do worrying about the human soul, let alone dogs'. And, you know, even though that was years ago, I still think about Brownie. And I wonder, Sister M———, but do *you* think there might be a place in heaven for dogs?"

Very simple and direct, the nun had nodded. "I do," she'd said. "At least, I'd be very disappointed if I didn't find *my* pooch up there if and when our Lord allows *me* in."

And *that* had settled the matter of Brownie and his whereabouts for Connie, once and for all. . . .

There were other times together, other conversations.

And they all of them had made Connie feel so good, not only because she finally had somebody she could talk to, really talk to; but because when she talked with Sister M———, she felt she was talking with a woman who was to her a friend, a sister, a mother, and her private saint.

They lasted, these conversations with Sister M———, for the two years Connie was at the school.

And they ended on that morning following Connie's graduation night, when the last conversation they would ever have together took place . . . the one which began with Sister M——— so mad, suddenly, at first. . . .

The walk in the rain

The nun had been waiting in Connie's room, pacing the floor, looking out the window sometimes. Waiting.

And then, when Connie did come in, she called out, "Where've you *been*? We've been worried sick . . . And look at you, soaking wet. Your beautiful new dress—Your hair— Where've you *been*, Concetta?"

"In the rain," said Connie, "walking."

"Since last night?" asked the nun.

"Yes," Connie said.

"But why, Concetta? Why?"

"Because," said Connie vaguely, "I like the rain. It's like life is, really. It's good and it's bad. It makes the flowers grow, and it gives people colds . . . And me, I want to catch cold and die."

"Concetta!" said Sister M———, sharply.

"I know," Connie said. "It's a sin to say. But I do. I *do*."

"Why?" she was asked.

"Because," said Connie, "the night of all nights—my graduation. And did she come?"

"Who, Concetta?"

"My mother, that's who," said Connie. She pretended to laugh. "Oh boy, how I felt. I didn't think it would ever hit me like this. But last night, after the ceremony, seeing all the other girls with their mothers there, waiting for them, in the lobby, with those big flowers, those big bouquets . . . And me, just standing there alone, like a big jerk, making believe I was looking around for *my* mother, making believe—"

She stopped, and she pretended to laugh again.

"Did you invite your mother, Concetta?" Sister M——— asked, cutting off the laugh.

"She knew it was my graduation," said Connie.

"But did you invite her?" the nun asked.

This time, Connie didn't answer.

"You know," said Sister M——— now, "she might have thought you didn't want her to come. Did you ever stop and think of it that way?"

"But she *knew*," said Connie. "She *knew* it was my graduation."

Sister M——— sighed.

"Well, now," she said, changing the subject, "most of the girls have gone already. Scooted right out of here, first thing this morning . . . And how about your plans, Connie? Still the same—to leave this afternoon and take the train to St. Louis and go live with your father?"

"Sort of the same, I guess," said Connie. "Except he's not gonna stay in St. Louis long. He got a job in Beverly Hills, California, beginning a few weeks from now. playing at a restaurant or something . . . He wants me to go there with him."

"Beverly Hills," said Sister M——— "That's right near Hollywood, isn't it?"

"I think so," said Connie.

"Well now," said the nun, "that will be nice and convenient for you when you decide you're ready to become a movie star." She smiled a little, in that way of hers. "You still want to become a singer and a movie star someday, don't you Concetta? Or have you changed your mind?"

"I don't know anymore," said Connie.

"Connie Stevens," said the nun, "—that's what you said you're going to call yourself, wasn't it? After the name your father uses?"

"I don't know anymore," said Connie.

"Well," said the nun, "*I* know. I know you're going to make it, too, Concetta. And the way you've made us all so happy these past two years, singing for us, acting in our plays, that's the way you're going to make the whole world happy someday . . . And," she said, "believe me, even though I won't be seeing any of your big pictures, I'll know when you make them. And I'll be rooting for you, praying for you. . . ."

She swallowed something that seemed to get caught in her throat.

End of an era

Then she said, "All right now, Concetta, enough of this talking. Get on with you, now, right in there, in the bathroom, and dry your hair out and change your clothes. And quick, too. Before you really catch that cold and end up sneezing your way all the way to California. . . .

"Go on, now.

"Go on."

Connie obeyed, going into the bathroom, and changing.

And it wasn't until she was finished. till she came back out into her room, that she realized that the nun was not there.

Then she saw the note on her desk.

It was a short note, very short, and it was signed by Sister M———.

"Dear Concetta," it read, "I do not like good-byes. I never have. So please allow me to bid you bon voyage in this manner. Be good. Be successful. Love our Lord, always. And remember that I shall always be thinking of you."

There was a P.S. to the note, too.

"Please, too," it read, "think about what I said about your mother not coming to your graduation last night. Remember, you did not ask her, and maybe that was all she was waiting for, an invitation. Could I not be right, Concetta?"

Connie nodded.

"Yes, Sister," she found herself saying, as she stared down at the note. "Yes, you're right."

She looked up then. And she looked around the empty room.

"Sister?" she called out.

"Sister—aren't we ever gonna talk together again, you and me? . . . *Sister?*"

But, for the first time in two years now, there was no answer to her call.

And Connie, knowing that it was over, this part of her life, these two beautiful years, put down the note and walked over to the window and rested her hand against the pane.

It was still raining outside, she could see.

The rain was really slamming itself against the window.

It was making a design, too, a long and streaming design, like tears.

And, all of a sudden, Connie saw, there were tears coming down both sides of the window. **END**

Connie will co-star in PARRISH, *Warner Bros.*

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A Widow's Torment

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lauren made up her mind, packed her belongings, took her two children, Stevie, aged eight, and Leslie, a perky four, and moved to New York, far from the shop talk and shattered dreams of a Hollywood that no longer was home for her—not without Bogie.

When love has been good to two people, and love was more than good to Lauren and Bogie, it sometimes robs the survivor of the will to love again. But Lauren Bacall is made of stronger stuff. She has the guts to face her mirror and call a spade a spade.

"Our marriage was so good I find it difficult to live any other way."

In love, there are givers and there are takers. Lauren is a giver. Bogie was a taker, a man who had lost at marriage three times by trying for the impossible: a bachelor's freedom within the cast-iron conventions of marriage.

But with Lauren, he learned to give. Then all too soon he was gone. And Lauren had to learn to give all over again.

Reincarnation of Bogie

New York was the spirit and the soul that helped Lauren to forget and to find a man, a man who in his own Bogart fashion, helped Lauren to smile again.

Jason Robards, Jr. is a sensitive, sometimes violent stage actor, who is to the teeth a reincarnation of Bogie. But Jason prefers to live on as Jason, not as the spirit of a dead man. Jason will not play Bogie, though their physical resemblance is not to be denied.

"Jason did *Petrified Forest* on the Equity Library Theatre stage some years back, and he did the role Bogie played on screen, and it was frightening the resemblance the two rebels had," a director opined.

Lauren noticed the resemblance immediately, but Jason, who became her close friend in short order, fought to keep his own identity, fought to free himself of the ghost-like role that Lauren was projecting him into.

On a recent night, they entered the Baq Room, an intimate West Side spot where an uninhibited song stylist named Janice Mars sang lover's blues like blues were meant to be sung. Sitting in the room were the perpetual newlyweds, Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood.

"Hi Betty," Bob warmly greeted Lauren.

Natalie smiled at their long time favorite, Lauren Bacall, who to her good friends is always Betty. Jason calmly surveyed the room. Janice Mars was about to do another number.

"Hey, Jase, join me," she called.

Jason winked at Lauren, she smiled back in the off-handed way that only she can, and Jason was off to the races in a wheel-and-deal manner reminiscent of Bogie, yet completely his own effortless and unapproachable Robards' way of laughing at life.

Jason, in his slow gin baritone, belted out an old Irish ditty that was blues in the Dublin style. Janice Mars, playing it straight faced, chimed in behind Jason, and Lauren—she just smiled her warm-hearted approval at a man who had taught her how to smile again.

"Hey, honey, join us," Jason tossed in an aside to Lauren.

The crowd, not knowing to what extent he would take their prodding, gently insisted she bail Jason out with a singing voice.

And, there, in the smoke of a dimly lit back room, with the bluish light playing across their happy faces, a happiness long gone seemed to be reborn, as Lauren and Jason sang in a broken-bottle pair of voices that would have made Bogie laugh a thousand times over.

"They look great," laughed Bob Wagner. "It's good to see her smile again."

"It's like old times," Natalie added.

Lauren Bacall's smile that night was a smile long overdue. And the man who put the smile on her face is a man who has successfully come through a school of hard knocks.

Jason Robards, Jr. like Betty Bacall, has known moments of great sorrow. His idol, Jason Robards, Sr., was a talented stage star who went blind at the height of his career. The boy Jason worshipped his father and the thought that his idol, now blind and weary, would never be on a stage again saddened him beyond all sadness.

"My dad was a great actor," Jason said, "and it was sad to see him die inside each day."

Finally, after years of darkness, the miracle came to pass. Jason Robards, Sr. got his sight back, and to Jason, Jr. it was as if the heavens had opened to them.

Jason had a tough ride himself. After Navy service, during which a ship he was on was torpedoed, he came back to a theater that was not overly anxious to welcome home any more actors.

But he plugged, and after his Equity Library Theater stint in *Petrified Forest*, he did a number of live television shows in which his work was noticed. Finally, his big break came on Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

The raves were all his, and he followed *Journey* with *The Disenchanted*, playing the sodden drunk that Scott Fitzgerald, the legendary writer of the '20's, seemed to have become in his last days.

But Jason's marriage was not working out too well. There were fights. Separations. And a growing apartness.

His energy seemed to be channeled into areas that can only be harmful to a creative talent. His drinking bouts became almost as legendary as Bogie's. Then . . .

He met Lauren.

Lauren, having moved into the stately Dakota apartments on Central Park West, and having stepped into the New York social whirl, found little time on her hands, but still there was a great void in her life. She could not find a man to replace Bogie. Then . . .

She met Jason.

She recalled the day when she was only nineteen and the worldly-wise Bogie had swept her off her feet and married her.

"I wasn't exactly what you'd call a woman of the world."

But when she met Jason, she had had a taste of the world of glamour, and had known the thrill of international adulation. But . . .

The same feeling that had hit her with Bogie when she was a fresh-faced unknown of 19, hit her again.

She has found many happy moments in the company of the completely uninhibited Jason Robards. In New York, a party is not really a party until Jason hits it. Then, he swings into high gear, taking over the singing, dancing, and merry making. A party brightens with his appearance, and so does Lauren, for Jason has that hell-for-leather attitude toward life that her beloved Bogie had.

Lauren has met the challenge of loneliness and appears to have come out of her self-imposed shell.

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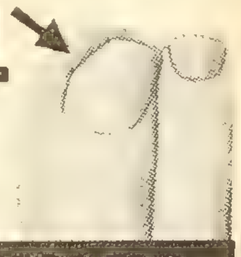
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Only Frank Sinatra, of her many pursuers, came anywhere near catching Lauren. But Lauren says now, "The less said about Mister Sinatra, the better!"

Frank, a doting father to his own children, was not exactly the best choice for Lauren and Bogie's children. And, with Lauren, her children come first.

"Right now," she said, "the children are the most important thing in my life."

And, she knows all too well the sacred image held of Bogie by young Stephen.

"Stephen remembers his father so well, and I want him always to think of what a kind, wonderful man he was." Then, Lauren added a 'but.'

"But, I don't want to talk about him every day because I don't want to create any insurmountable obstacles for them (meaning her children) when I remarry."

Jason Robards is a proud man and he will make it on his own. With Bogie's Lauren. With Bogie's friends and hers. And, with Stephen and Leslie.

Lauren Bacall is a lot of woman. She's proved it time and again, especially during the desperately trying period in which she was the only one who knew Bogie was dying. For ten months, she played it straight as if nothing were happening. And, Bogie, realizing the end was near, and watching her keep her heart from showing on her sleeve, said:

"She's my wife. So she stays home. Maybe that's the way you tell the ladies from the broads in this town."

Now, she seeks happiness. And, as she says it in the candid way that has become her trademark:

"I feel that the greatest compliment I can pay Bogie is to get married. Because our marriage was so good I find it difficult to live any other way."

She leaves her heart open. And, for Jason Robards that opening is perhaps the lead he needs to make his move.

Jason, delighted when Lauren opened in *Good-bye Charlie* on Broadway, boosted her to the skies to all his close friends. Then, not to be outdone, he starred in *Toys in the Attic* to rave notices, and no one could have been happier than Lauren over his success.

They toasted each other with champagne, and the bubbling smiles that crossed their happy faces were more than just the effects of sparkling champagne.

Theirs is not one of those dimly-lit, out-of-the-way restaurant type friendships. They appear in such spots as the Brasserie, a restaurant frequented by many and as bright as a Christmas tree. Even the most cynical beings wish them the best.

"Jason's his own man. And Betty knows it. He doesn't need to do Bogie to make everything seem right. And, if he had to, he'd change his physical resemblance to Bogie, just to make it on his own."

Anyone who knows Jason knows this.

The actor who said it had known Jason through the hard times, but he also knew and liked Lauren. He was hoping the comparisons between Bogie and Jason wouldn't be any stumbling block to the new happiness Lauren and Jason seem to have found.

One of the funniest, though cherished, taunts that Bogie ever tossed out was when he said:

"I had to marry her. She chased me until I had my back to the wall. I did what any gentleman would do—I gave in."

Lauren has always laughed at the old line.

It was a private joke between Betty and her Bogie. Now, she has left the way open for a fiercely independent man to laugh at the same line, a line Bogie coined, but held no copyright on. A line that any gentleman would be wise to think over. For, as Jason knows, when a man's got his back against the wall, giving in can be more fun. Especially if he gives in to Lauren. END

The Good Wife

(Continued from page 39)

Jeanne had to forget all hopes for resuming her career as a model. Besides, she soon had her own Dino, Ricci and Gina to raise.

Many times, when the stepchildren were going through the usual adolescent rebellion, she wondered if they were thinking, "You're not my real mother; you're only my stepmother!" But she held her temper, mustered all her patience and offered all her love in handling each little crisis in a big family.

There were times when Dean found married life oppressive and stormed out, only to return and promise to try a little harder the next time. Things got better after he split with Jerry Lewis, and he said then, "Now I can give more time to family life."

All seven kids, plus Dean, Jeanne and three servants, live happily in a big 11-room Beverly Hills House. While Dean goes out to work, Jeanne runs the house and keeps the kids in line, and still has enough energy left to do occasional partying with Dean. For him, she is a patient, tolerant, understanding wife. But perhaps more important, at home she plays her greatest role, a loving stepmother, and does it well.

Gloria Stewart

James Stewart was 41 when he finally married, in 1949.

As Hollywood's most eligible bachelor for a long time, he had dated many stars from Marlene Dietrich to Olivia de Haviland. But he kept avoiding marriage.

"I couldn't stand having anybody around me all the time," he explained. But his years in the U. S. Air Force changed him, and when he returned to Hollywood, he was more of an extrovert. At the Gary Coopers' house, he met and fell in love with Gloria McLean Hatrick, a divorcee with two children. They married and two years later, their twin daughters were born.

Jimmy's marriage has worked because he wouldn't compromise. He wouldn't marry on impulse. He held off the aggressive Hollywood actresses; he resisted the glamour girls looking for a star husband. He waited, and kept looking, until he found the Right Girl.

Of course, he had to make a lot of adjustments. He had to adjust to a couple of lively stepchildren, to having his own children late in life, to being surrounded by noisy, happy kids in the house, to having a wife and new responsibilities, not easy for a long-time bachelor.

He was fortunate in finding Gloria, a well-poised, beautiful socialite who knew Hollywood too well to want to become an actress. She runs their big house efficiently, giving the kind of formal parties he likes, such as their recent party for the King of Nepal. With her encouragement, he has come out of his shell enough to become active in civic and school organizations and the Boy Scouts.

"I like family life," he says. Gloria sighs, "He's the ideal man: patient, kind, thoughtful."

Jimmy gambled in the firm belief there was only One Girl for him and she was worth waiting for . . . and winning.

Janet Curtis

When Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis it was her third marriage. She didn't know it then, but it was destined to be her toughest . . . and happiest.

On the surface, at the beginning, things looked good. Janet got better roles; Tony moved up at Universal studios; they started saving money, and they were working out their cultural, religious and personality differences. Then, suddenly, the pressures of Hollywood got Tony down, and he became depressed, distressed, emotionally ill, and had to go to a psychoanalyst for help.

In this crisis, when the man of the family is down, Janet knew instinctively her role. She stayed home, started raising babies, became more the wife and less the actress. She stopped taking picture offers that required going on location away from Tony. She encouraged Tony in his new self probings, his budding intellectualism. She gave him a deeper love and a greater understanding as he wandered down the dark, tortured paths of analysis, tearing at the roots of childhood memories and reliving past agonies.

She summoned all her patience to tolerate Tony's mercurial moods of anger, self-reproach, frustration. She stood fast by her man, as all loving women have done through the ages when their man was threatened.

Instead of competing with him—as many actresses do with their actor husbands—she submerged herself so that Tony was undisputed boss and big star of the family. She watched happily as he developed confidence, got top roles, earned huge salaries, took his place among Hollywood's articulate young leaders.

Their marriage worked because she did not hesitate to continue loving her mate through sickness, as well as in health, as they had promised each other solemnly in the marriage vows.

Lydia Heston

Chuck Heston fell in love with Lydia Clarke when they were speech majors at Northwestern University. Two years later, in 1944, just before he went into the Army for three years, they married.

When he returned, they started the heartbreaking job of looking for acting jobs. Sometimes they acted in the same play, sometimes they didn't. In 1950, they won the Theatre World Awards as "most promising actor and actress of the year."

Their marriage worked during their lean years because, as Chuck said then, "We both want the same things—each other, and work in the theater." The test came when Chuck's career started to move. Lydia could have competed with him, trying to keep up the pace. Instead, she reacted as a wife instead of as an actress, and she deliberately slowed down her own career, to help Chuck. She sought modeling work, so they could survive while Chuck pursued new acting jobs. They lived in a one-room cold-water flat "overlooking a garbage can."

Lydia said, "Two people can work and still live together happily provided they are both interested in each other's work." She took occasional acting jobs, at Chuck's urging, but when their first baby, Fraser, arrived, she went into semi-retirement.

Because Chuck has been on location so much and because the baby arrived when he was abroad, he and Lydia have endured many and long separations. Too, she has virtually given up her own career. Yet theirs is a happy marriage. Chuck seems calm, considerate, loving, and insists, "A successful marriage is the art of the possible; I never argue with my wife." She admits the constant traveling and their three homes make life exciting.

If she had tried to race him, careerwise, she might have wrecked their marriage. By deliberately falling behind, she won the marital race.

Roselle Como

"I've always wanted to be on your show," the gorgeous girl said when the studio crew wandered away and left her momentarily alone with Perry Como.

"You're a fine singer," Perry said. She smiled, as she sized him up appreciatively. He was over 40, his black hair was graying, he had a wife and three kids. But he was still handsome, a power in TV, and rich. "After the show," she whispered, "Why don't you come over to my place and unwind? . . . We'll relax."

If Roselle Como had known of this conversation, she wouldn't have worried—she trusted her husband.

"Sorry," said Perry. "Can't . . . I've already promised Father Bob and my brother-in-law Dee to go for spaghetti . . . then we got to hurry home . . . tomorrow's Sunday . . . early mass."

After the show, Perry did just what he said he'd do. The next morning he and Roselle, and Terry and David, went to church. Their eldest, Ronnie, would have gone, too; but he was away at Notre Dame.

When Perry and Roselle eloped in 1933, he was a touring band vocalist who periodically went back to barbering when things got bad. When he finally made the big time in New York, he and Roselle agreed they didn't want to be a show-business couple living in a glamorous fishbowl. So their marriage worked because they accepted a discipline, backed by a strong religious faith. They moved to the suburbs, permitted very few show-business cronies to come to their home, avoided night clubs and premieres, and tried to lead a "normal life"—going to church, playing tennis and golf, barbecuing meals, singing in the kitchen while strumming a mandolin, sitting around and watching TV, playing with the kids in the yard.

"The best things in life are your God, your home, your family. These things were mine when I was making $15 a week as a barber. They are still the only things that count for me."

Shirley Parker

In these days, when Togetherness is supposed to be the core of a good marriage, Shirley MacLaine has built her marriage on Apartness.

In six years of marriage to Steve Parker, they have been apart most of the time. She works in Hollywood; he makes movies in Tokyo. It all started when he went to the Orient four years ago to make good on his own and thus head off being called "Mr. Shirley MacLaine." Shirley remained in Hollywood and even had their baby alone—she drove to the hospital unescorted when the time came.

When Steve's away, she goes alone to the Sinatra-Martin "clan" parties, leaving herself open to malicious gossip. Yet her marriage works, and her radiant spirits indicate she's a happy wife. In a man-trapping community, where a wife doesn't trust her husband as far as she can throw a Martini glass, she often does not see her husband for months at a time. Yet she doesn't seem to worry; she doesn't seem to care what people think of her marriage.

She's admitted that Steve is so different. "His views are so opposite," and "the only thing we have in common is that we both like to be alone at times." But they love each other fiercely, and they phone each other an hour at a time, two or three times a week, and they write daily.

This curious relationship is being held by distance rather than closeness, and by the hope that today's sacrifice is tomorrow's happiness. Shirley tolerates the separations because they enable Steve to establish himself as a producer, and then he'll be more comfortable being a star's husband. Soon, she says, they'll be together all the time—six months in Hollywood, six months in Tokyo.

Dorothy Mitchum

Bob Mitchum met Dorothy Spence at 16 and married her at 27, when he was an odd-jobs man, restlessly trying to find the right occupation.

She has put up with him through failure and success. And surely sometimes she must have wondered if success is better for their marriage, because Bob's being a star has made it impossible for him to Live It Up unnoticed. Bob, naturally unconventional and rebellious, makes headlines with his brawls and frank talk.

Bob has admittedly been in and out of jails for vagrancy as a kid; his fifty days in jail on a marijuana charge made the front pages; his involvement with booze and broads is well known. He is hardly the type of husband women yearn for openly. Yet his marriage has held fast. He and Dorothy have raised three fine kids; he is devoted to them, and he is a loving husband to Dorothy in his own fashion.

She understands her husband—and isn't that what every wife should try to do? She expects from him only what she knows he can give. Her realistic approach has saved this marriage for 20 years. She has built an exciting family life around his shortcomings as well as his loving qualities—instead of trying to push for a safe, colorless husband whose main virtue is keeping out of trouble.

Shirley Boone

Pat Boone dated Shirley Foley ten months before he got up enough nerve to kiss her.

They steady-dated two years, when suddenly Shirley's family had to move to another city. The only way they could stay together was to marry. But their families thought they were too young. Nobody had faith in two 19-year-olds marrying, especially when the boy was still going to college and had no money.

But Pat and Shirley had faith in their love and common sense, so they eloped with the help of a sympathetic minister, who gave them their first gift, a Bible.

Pat did the impossible by finishing college while building a sensational career, and Shirley proved she could run the little family on $40 a week as well as $40,000 a week. When fame came along, Pat resisted the usual temptation to become a playboy or a showoff. Instead, he stayed close to the "square" virtues of faithfulness, churchgoing, giving to charity, working for religious and moral causes. He and Shirley periodically repeat their marriage vows, to remind themselves that "you never get anything good out of breaking a promise to God."

Their marriage has worked because they had good family backgrounds, they grew through adolescence together and matured together, they worked side by side, they struggled together, they weren't afraid of problems, they prayed together. And with Pat, Shirley knew she would take any chance.

END



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Eddie Named Father of Liza

(*Continued from page 33*)

out a little silver comb and started to comb Liza's hair—right there at that big party with the big white cake on the table with all the other pretty things. Mama made Liza feel like the party was for her.

Then Liza saw Eddie kissing Mama and the three of them were in a huddle of love. They laughed and it made Liza so happy. She reached out her arms for Eddie and clung to his neck with sheer joy.

He said lovely things to her in a tender voice—not like that other mock-stern voice she couldn't quite remember. That older voice that was there, and then suddenly, wasn't there anymore.

This was the man who put her on top of a pillow in a bicycle basket and took her for fun rides when they were on a vacation in England. This was the man who swung her way up in the air, calling her "baby doll," "sweet princess" and "pumpkin." This was the man who held her tiny hand so very gently in his. The man who sang at the top of his voice just for her.

Mama had said once, "Daddy has gum."

And Liza had trotted over to his knee, put her fragile little hand on it and asked, "Daddy, gum, please, gum, Daddy."

And Daddy just sat there, eyes riveted on Mama—both of them breathless. Then Daddy said, "Here's the gum for Daddy's girl," and hugged her so tight it hurt.

That could have been the moment that Eddie Fisher decided to adopt Elizabeth and Mike Todd's daughter as his own.

It could have been later when they lived in New York. It could have been one night when Eddie came home tired and found a child waiting with eagerness for his hug and kiss. It could have been one morning when a little person that looked just like a bunny walked into the bedroom and said, "Daddy, wake up, play with me."

Or it might very well have been the day Daddy held her up in front of the big picture of Carrie Frances and Todd. Daddy told her who they were. Then he played a game with her and asked her who the sweet faces were. And Liza knew. Liza said, "That's Carrie Frances and that's Todd." And Daddy said, "That's right, Liza, those are Daddy's babies."

And his voice sounded awful funny.

Then Liza said, "Liza is Daddy's baby, too," in a worried little voice and Daddy squeezed her close—knowing her need for reassurance that she had a daddy too.

After that, Mama and Daddy used to have long talks about Liza. Mama and Daddy had talked to Michael and Christopher and they understood why Eddie was Liza's Daddy.

They never called Eddie "Daddy"—only Liza could. And how she loved her Daddy.

Then Daddy told her one day that her name was Liza Todd Fisher. And she repeated it, Liza Todd Fisher. She knew something special was happening because Mama and Daddy were so happy. And there was a nice man there from California who said it was all official. He said very solemnly, like a lawyer would "What a charming pixie you are, Liza Todd Fisher," and suddenly her Daddy was bowing from the waist and asking her to dance with him even though there was no music on the record-player.

His arms were guiding her so firmly she didn't even lose her footing once. She felt safe in her Daddy's arms even if she could not comprehend the complexities of Life that had wrought happiness for her out of tragedy.

When she is grown, Elizabeth and Eddie will tell Liza about the father she never knew. And Liza will know that she too has given happiness to her adopted Daddy who had to bear silently the pain of separation from his own babies. END

Liz stars in 20th-Fox's CLEOPATRA, *United Artists'* TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *and Liz and Eddie are both in MGM's* BUTTERFIELD 8.

May Britt's Own Story

(*Continued from page 21*)

being performed and I shall be forbidden to work: should this happen, I should go back to Europe to work, where these race discriminations do not exist or are not so deeply felt.

Some other people foresee that, marrying Sammy, the demand for my services as actress on the cinematographic market will suffer a heavy loss and I will find work with more and more increasing difficulty. And also this is a risk that I feel like running.

It is true that I am fond of my work, but it is true as well that I would give it up for Sammy's love: because I love him more than any other thing in the world.

And Father says that had I been an American girl, perhaps my point of view would have been quite different. But I have been brought up in a family and in a country where a complete race tolerance exists and where the color of the skin does not represent a barrier.

Perhaps it is due to this that I was not afraid of the judgment of my family about the decision I had taken. In fact my father came to London where Sammy had accompanied me: they made their mutual acquaintance and they took a liking to each other. They understood each other and joked as if they were two old friends.

Sammy is for me a very good boy: honest, open-hearted, sincere, dynamic, always ready to make fun of everything and everybody, including himself.

In America and in Europe, when his performance begins and the searchlights brighten up his face, the public remains as if they were hypnotized. And they laugh during the 90 minutes of his performance, are moved, enjoy themselves. It is just as if he had a radar, suitable for getting the spectators' moods every evening and just as if he commanded all their reactions.

This is the sixth sense that only great actors have and Sammy, who is a dancer, singer, mime, actor, juggler, possesses it in the real complete sense of the word.

I think that when people see Sammy work they find him beautiful and nice, because behind his grimaces, his burst of laughters, his imitations, his plays, there is the man who has understood the secret to overcoming the obstacle of the race barrier, to start from nothing and reach the stars, to be a star in the most absolute sense of the word, in spite of his origins and of the narrow mind of many people.

The Americans have nicknamed him "the running man," because he is always in a hurry, he is always busy, always active, always in a mood for joking, for amusing other people.

His biographer says that all his life has been a continual defiance aiming to prove to other people and to himself that his skin does not mean "inferiority" at all.

Instead, I am of the opinion that Sammy has always felt tremendously lonely, since he was a boy, a poor boy in Harlem (some more than 30 years ago) till when he obtained the first great successes with Sinatra and Mickey Rooney in 1951.

The more famous and successful he has been, the more lonely he has felt. Sammy's performances are almost never over later than two o'clock in the night, but he usually never goes to bed before eight o'clock in the morning.

Two lonely people

After the stage, the rejoicings, the jokes, his friends' uproars, for him the moment comes, with dawn, to go to bed and it is then that he feels lonely more than any other moment. Sometimes he says to his friends or to his audience in a loud voice: "Let us take a taxi and let us make merry at home." Everybody thinks that this may be a witty remark to conclude the night, but most times it is a friendly invitation that few people or nobody understand.

On one of these occasions I was near Sammy and for one moment I hoped that the invitation would be addressed only to me, because I felt terribly lonely—like he was, and I could not disclose my feelings with anyone. I too needed much love.

So we began by walking about the largest and the most charming city in the world, getting to the general markets already in excitement, meeting men washing the streets, sleepy workers going to their work, poor people, who after having slept in the park, resuming their begging life.

Talking, keeping silent, walking, enjoying ourselves to follow this or that nice scene, this or that character, we began feeling that we were quite happy together, that both of us were a complete unique thing, that we were no longer so lonely and sad. Contrary to what happens for most human beings, our love began at daybreak, with the first sunbeam.

Now I know that when we go back to the United States, anything may happen. Sammy will do his best not to rouse hatred of violent men, who intend creating some clamorous incident around us. Sammy is a quiet boy, who has never hurt anyone and who wants to live in peace. loving his fellow creatures.

The incident, which took place in London, where some violent people tried to provoke him to anger, has tranquillized me in this sense. They had gathered in small groups in front of the place where he was working, carrying placards with outrageous writings against him and against me. Sammy did not want to hide himself in order to avoid that hostile manifestation, entering through a small back door; he had not asked the police to dispel these demonstrants, because everyone is free to profess his own ideas politely and without any violence.

Therefore at the fixed time he went to his work, crossed the crowd of demonstrants and went to prepare his scene. It is understood that he, that evening, was not the happiest man in the world, because he did not expect to find so much intolerance even in London.

But, in fact, for every demonstrant who intended offending us, there were many other English people who have written to us, apologizing for their fellow country people who had ill-treated us. END

May's last film is MURDER, INC., *for 20th-Fox; Sammy's next is Warner Bros.'* OCEANS 11.

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Burt Lancaster portrays the opportunist ELMER GANTRY, *a revivalist who is all set to tackle saving souls in the big city.*

ELMER GANTRY — *sin or be saved . . .*

Burt Lancaster
Jean Simmons
Dean Jagger
Arthur Kennedy
Shirley Jones

▪ One of the finest actors in Hollywood, Burt Lancaster, lets out the stops as Elmer Gantry. The result is a marvelous portrait of an opportunist who can jump on any bandwagon and turn it into the golden chariot of a conqueror. Lancaster's a salesman with a powerful gift of gab, a lively (if always temporary) interest in women, a thirst for alcohol, a tremendous desire to be liked and an almost total disbelief in his fellow man. What could fit his talents more than to preach the fear of God and eternal damnation to eager, lonely souls who want to be saved? Making a name for herself in the midwest is Evangelist Sister Sharon (Jean Simmons). Her saintliness inspires the constant, paternal care of Dean Jagger. And her growing popularity has added atheistic newspaperman, Arthur Kennedy, to her caravan. Earthly love, a desire for the buck and an infatuation with his own voice makes Lancaster her newest and most persuasive convert. Together they save enough souls to tackle the big city of Zenith. There, business and religion are not as separate as one might think, and the fire of religious passion burns in many directions, few of them heavenly. Based on a famous novel by Sinclair Lewis which was banned in many cities when it first appeared, this is a vibrant, if not exactly revelatory, study of corruption.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

SONS AND LOVERS — *Mama's boy grows up*

Trevor Howard
Dean Stockwell
Wendy Hiller
Mary Ure
Heather Sears

▪ D. H. Lawrence's outstanding novel, which was autobiographical, here becomes a beautiful film. It opens in a Welsh mining town where a young man can dream but often can't keep his head above the ground (it's usually down into the coal mines for him!) Dean Stockwell has a talent for painting and a strong-willed mother (Wendy Hiller) who wants this favorite son of hers to make something of himself. His father (Trevor Howard), begrimed, embittered—and often drunk because of his wife's obvious contempt for him, favors another son who is soon killed in a cave-in. Dean paints, and dreams with the help of Heather Sears, a young neighbor who loves him but it is somewhat hampered by her puritannical upbringing (her mother watches her carefully and is always telling her how vile the flesh is). In flight from her, and from his own mother's possessiveness, Dean is attracted to feminist Mary Ure who is office manager of a small factory that makes ladies' corsets. (Dean has bypassed a rich man's offer to finance a painting education to get a job in the factory.) His romance with Mary, who is separated from her husband, propels him toward a knowledge of freedom. The illness of his mother is his final push into the adventurous, lonely world of adulthood. Essentially, this is the story of an unusually sensitive boy's

(Continued on page 80)

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THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY ARRIVED IN OCTOBER

■ When Jean Simmons was a seventeen-year-old starlet in Britain, there was such a shortage of clothing that everyone was issued a book of clothing coupons. For the ordinary person it was difficult enough to find clothes to wear; for the entertainers, it was a nightmare.

Jean had already appeared in several films, and achieved some favourable notices. But she knew that if she were to get anywhere big, she would have to be seen in the best places. And getting different clothes for all these appearances was quite a problem.

One October evening she received a call from her drama teacher and agent who had just been given a number of tickets for a very important film premiere and planned to take a group of her most talented artistes. Needless to say, each girl was supposed to look magnificent.

The clothing coupons were taken out, and there were just enough to buy a simple evening frock. At such short notice there wasn't time to get a gown made for her—and there just wasn't a huge range in the fashionable shops. Everything was supposed to be for utility wear, not for film premieres.

But Jean finally found a gown, pink, flecked with white, and it made her look very much the film star. . . .

As she was about to step from the taxi she had taken to the London theater, she saw some of her friends waiting for her. One of them was wearing exactly the same dress as her own. At that moment, another friend arrived—also wearing this pink-and-white dress.

Jean ordered the driver to turn 'round, and look out for a store where she could buy some trimmings to disguise her dress. But soon she was forced to realize that all the shops were closed—and it was too late to drive home and change into something else.

Then the driver spotted a shop still open. He drove near it. It was a stationer's shop—and Jean's heart fell. How could magazines, postcards, books or calendars help her?

But, perhaps . . . ?

The wizened old shop proprietor eyed her, and asked what she wanted. She told him the whole story—and he shook his head. He couldn't think of anything at all.

Suddenly he shouted that he had an idea, if she was willing to risk making a fool of herself. He'd received his stock of Christmas decorations that day, and if she could use anything like *tinsel*, he would get it for her. . . .

Ten minutes before the film started Jean Simmons arrived at the entrance to the cinema, looking happy and radiant. She stepped from the taxi-cab, and waved to her friends who stared at her in disbelief. Curious fans gazed at her and smiled—while photographers rushed towards her and started clicking away.

Next day pictures of seventeen-year-old Jean Simmons appeared in most of the morning papers, and in one the caption read *The Christmas Fairy Arrived in October*.

It was an appropriate caption too, because Jean Simmons disguised the pink-and-white dress with garlands of glittering tinsel, and gorgeously technicolored snowflakes!

new movies

(Continued from page 79)

growth, and of family ties that can strangle a well as provide, in their close moments poignant and unforgettable love.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS
Robert Wagner
Natalie Wood
. . . eating their hearts out **Susan Kohner**
George Hamilton
Pearl Bailey

■ Cannibals are notorious for eating people (after boiling them in a big pot). This movie's a potboiler, all right, in which the cannibals eat each other; that they don't all die of acute indigestion is one of the miracles of movie-making. The dinner starts in Texas where barefooted Natalie Wood has changed her name from Sarah to Salome on the theory that life holds more for her than what she finds in her father's house—a shanty filled with barefooted brothers and sisters. Robert Wagner, tortured son of a minister, hopes that life holds more too, but has no notion how to get whatever it is. For a starter, he gets Natalie pregnant; he would also like to marry her but she, fearful of being trapped, runs out on him. Lucky for her George Hamilton boards the same train she does. George, playboy son of a rich Texan, is trying his best to ruin Yale's reputation as an institution of higher learning. He proposes to Natalie and she hastily accepts him. Back home Wagner befriends Pearl Bailey, a famous singer who has decided to quit her career and die because her boyfriend jilted her. Before she kicks off, however, she discovers that Wagner is a great horn player and insists on taking him to New York. There he finds fame and Susan Kohner, George's playgirl sister, who writhes with boredom. To get even with Natalie, Wagner marries Susan. Get the picture? George loves Natalie and the child he thinks is his; Natalie loves nobody; Susan loves Wagner; Wagner hates Natalie; Pearl Bailey's dying. The pot boileth over in no time.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

IT STARTED IN NAPLES
Clark Gable
Sophia Loren
Vittorio De Sica
—and ended in love **Marietto**
Paolo Carlini

■ When Clark Gable arrives in Naples he's as smug and businesslike as you'd expect a Philadelphia lawyer to be. He's not on vacation; he wants to settle the estate of his brother who deserted an American wife ten years before and died in Naples with a girlfriend. Much to Gable's cynical amusement, his brother left behind an eight-year-old son (Marietto) and a carton of firecrackers. Marietto smokes, drinks wine, ignores school, makes suckers out of tourists and is, all in all, one of the most delightful waifs in film history. He lives with his aunt, Sophia Loren, who, aside from dancing in a honky-tonk, has other, questionable, methods of survival. Gable would like to take Marietto back to America—or at least send him to school in Rome, but Sophia won't part with him. Acting on the advice of his lawyer (Vittorio De Sica) Gable tries to win his way with "sweetness and light." His romance with Sophia provides a colorful tour of tourist attractions in Naples and Capri, but it doesn't provide him with Marietto—not when Sophia discovers that Gable is about as marriage-minded as his late brother. The dialogue is clever and—in endearing Italian style—animated. The mood is as gay and carefree as a Neapolitan love song. It's a fun picture.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

THE SUNDOWNERS

Deborah Kerr
Robert Mitchum
Peter Ustinov
Glynis Johns
Michael Anderson, Jr.

top-notch saga

■ This movie is certainly of Academy-award winning caliber. It has a solid, unusual plot and, without straining, goes deeply into the human heart. Filmed in Australia, it is the story of a family whose head (Robert Mitchum) has a restless need to wander. Out of devotion, his wife (Deborah Kerr) has tried to forget her desire to settle on a farm. Instead, she and her fourteen-year-old son (Michael Anderson, Jr.) pitch in and help him on one sheep-herding drive after another (hence the term, sundowners—they pitch their tent wherever they are when the sun sets). The marriage is good; the love obvious, but as her boy grows—and she gets older—Deborah's tension about settling increases and she tries to maneuver Mitchum into earning enough money for a farm. Attracted by this family, a humorous, perennial bachelor (Peter Ustinov) becomes their mascot and aide. Mitchum goes to work as a sheep-shearer after a big drive, but even staying in one place for a few months is too confining for him. Ustinov keeps his interest alive by arranging a sheep-shearing contest. Losing that, but winning a beautiful racehorse while gambling in a local pub cheers Mitchum. He figures that with his son as rider they can win races all over Australia. However, he has also won enough money at gambling to buy a farm. Deborah finally has the chance to tie him down. Trying to tie Ustinov down is a lively, charming pub owner, Glynis Johns. Neither Mitchum nor Ustinov tie that easily. Go see this film—the countryside is beautiful, you'll learn a lot about sheep and, you can count on it, a good deal about men.—CINEMASCOPE, WARNERS.

INHERIT THE WIND

Spencer Tracy
Fredric March
Gene Kelly
Dick York
Florence Eldridge

the animal in man . . .

■ In a small American town where the Bible is taken as the literal truth a young biology teacher (Dick York) has the nerve to lecture on Darwin's theory of evolution to his class. Since his action violates the state law he's arrested. This incident would probably have been ignored if a big city newspaperman (Gene Kelly) hadn't played it up, and if a three-time Presidential candidate (Fredric March) hadn't announced his intention to prosecute the case. Through Kelly's efforts, one of the outstanding lawyers of the century (Spencer Tracy) agrees to defend York. The townspeople, outraged at the thought that man may be related to monkeys, don't welcome him kindly. York's own fiancée (Donna Anderson), daughter of the local minister, deserts him temporarily. But the main drama occurs in the courtroom where two brilliant performances (by March and Tracy) bring the issue of man's right to think and even to be wrong into the open. Knowing that this film was based on the famous Scopes' trial (whose participants were Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan) gives it added excitement and significance.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER

Kerwin Mathews
June Thorburn
Lee Patterson
Gregoire Aslan
Basil Sydney

magic classic

■ A special filming process whereby Gulliver can seem like a huge giant when all around him are as tiny as ants—and vice-versa, makes this film delightful. In other words this is *not* an animated cartoon, its characters are real people. Gulliver (Kerwin Mathews) wants money instead of livestock for his services as a doctor. Much against the wishes of his fianceé (June Thorburn) he goes to sea to make his fortune (she stows away on board). Unfortunately, a storm sweeps him off the ship. When he comes to, he's in the land of the Lilliputs. The king and his entire court can fit into the palm of his hand, but Gulliver is a kind giant who only wants to help them. Dipping his hat into the sea he catches enough fish for a year; uprooting "forests" he extends their farmlands which he furrows with his fingers; capturing their neighbors' fleet as if they were toys in a bathtub he leads them to victory in war. However, the Lilliputs turn against him and he makes his escape. Next time he wakes *he's* the ant surrounded by giants in a kingdom as backward as any in the Middle Ages. There he finds his fianceé living happily at court in a magnificent doll's house. But life isn't easy for "ants" who are smarter than giants, nor is it easy when a squirrel looms before them as large as a mountain. Another twist of fate and Gulliver and his girl are back to normal size in their own country. Was it a dream? It's really a story of every human being's feelings of omnipotence and insignificance, and a biting commentary on the puny, often stupid desires of mankind.—COLUMBIA.

13 GHOSTS

Rosemary De Camp
Charles Herbert
Jo Morrow
Martin Milner
Donald Woods

. . . and a handful of creeps

■ Donald Woods works in a museum. Too bad he can't live in it, because the finance company is always repossessing the furniture wherever he and his family *do* live. Thank goodness old Uncle Zorba dies and leaves him a mansion (complete with spooky housekeeper Margaret Hamilton). Would you believe it? The house is haunted. Thirteen ghosts (the management will provide you with lenses to see them) are constantly rattling around horrifying everyone. Sliding down the bannister one day, 10-year-old Charles Herbert finds a couple of $100 bills at his feet. You mean Uncle Zorba was rich, too? Zorba's lawyer (Martin Milner) apparently thinks so. At first Marty just seemed like an affable fellow enamoured of Woods' attractive young daughter, Jo Morrow. Now, I don't know. . . . —COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

PORTRAIT IN BLACK (U-I): Lana Turner is the wife of Lloyd Nolan, but would rather be the wife of Anthony Quinn. Well, Nolan's dying anyway, Quinn's a doctor—everything can be arranged! Nolan is dispatched with a long hypodermic needle and a teeny air bubble—the perfect crime. Only, it's not so perfect, 'cause Lana gets a letter congratulating her on the murder. Nervous-making, yes? The letter-writer suspects include Lana's step-daughter Sandra Dee, maid Anna May Wong, chauffeur Ray Walston, Nolan's lawyer Richard Basehart, and Sandra's boyfriend, John Saxon. More murder, more problems, before the letter writer is revealed. Go see!

PSYCHO (Paramount): Janet Leigh, an unlikely thief, *is* one, to the tune of forty thousand dollars. She's rushing to meet boyfriend John Gavin but stops to rest at a motel run by Tony Perkins and his mom. Tony's mom doesn't like girls, the motel is vacant and has a room full of stuffed birds, and, ultimately, Janet disappears. So does an investigator sent to find her. Gavin and Janet's sister (Vera Miles) pursue the investigation further. It's all a bit macabre.

MURDER, INC. (20th-Fox): This was a business that lived up to its name. Hoods named Lepke (David Stewart) and Reles (Peter Falk) are organization men. Stuart Whitman is a guy who owes Falk some money, and thus agrees to be his chauffeur for some "business transactions." Whitman's wife, May Britt, gets dragged into the mess, but it all gets cleaned up when new Assistant D.A. Henry Morgan comes along.

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Disgrace at Graceland

(*Continued from page 29*)

Elvis filled Vernon's life to overflowing as a son—but there is still that God-given need for a loving wife and a real home life which Elvis knew his father missed terribly. He knew it from the time his father met and began dating Dee in Germany. And Elvis knew it was serious when Dee came to Graceland for a visit when he and his father and grandmother returned home after his formal discharge from the Army.

Then on Elvis' two-week vacation at Graceland, before he was to return to Hollywood, it happened.

Elvis had met Dee Elliott in Germany and again when she came to visit at Graceland. Elvis liked her, and realized how much she meant to his father, but try as he would, he still could not think of this attractive young stranger as his mother.

In April, Vernon Presley had announced that he would marry Dee, that they would wait till Elvis was free to serve as best man, and then they would have the church wedding that his bride-to-be always dreamed of.

All this registered on Elvis, but something in him did not believe it.

When he finished his Hollywood chores, he was so anxious to get home that he overcame his fear of flying and took a jet to St. Louis, rented a car and sped on from there, his mind on nothing but two weeks of solid rest.

It did not occur to him that he was now free, that the moment he walked in the door plans of three months' standing would go into operation.

It did not occur to him until he looked at his father and realized that all the talk had meaning, that the marriage would take place, and that he could not go through with it.

"I'm sorry," Dad

Vernon Presley knew his son very well. It was hardly necessary for Elvis to say a word. "I'm sorry, Dad," was the best Elvis could do.

And Vernon Presley understood and said only, "It's all right, son. Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

The next day Vernon Presley drove to Huntsville where his bride-to-be and her three children were staying. There, Vernon and Dee took out a wedding license July 3, and were quietly married by Circuit Judge Harry L. Pennington that very night.

Meanwhile, in Memphis, Elvis was staying up late and sleeping all day to try to drive away the hurt and loneliness in his heart.

On July 4—a holiday he and his mother and father had always enjoyed together, he remembered back through the years of his happiness with his parents and could not restrain the tears. He slipped away from his friends, got on his motorcycle and drove to Forrest Hill Cemetery, where his mother, Gladys Presley, is buried. There he knelt and prayed.

He prayed that his father *really* understood that he wished him happiness and wished him love. He prayed that Dee Presley would understand that he wished her well as his father's wife, but could never accept her as his mother. He prayed fervently that Graceland, his mother's house, a house he thought of as almost holy would never be disgraced . . . That no one would misunderstand why he had not gone to the wedding.

And like so many prayers that come truly from the heart, Elvis' was answered, before it was spoken.

For Dee Presley had already opened *her* heart to MODERN SCREEN.

It had occurred a week before Elvis came home, a week and a half before her wedding.

"I only hope," said Dee Elliott, "that when Elvis gets married he finds a girl who loves him as much as I love his father."

Dee had never talked to a reporter before (EDITOR'S NOTE: to this date Mrs. Presley has given *no* other interviews) and seemed anxious to tell the world of her love.

"After we told Elvis of our plans to marry," said Dee, "he took me out to the cemetery at Memphis to visit his mother's grave. When I saw him looking so sadly at his mother's grave it just made me cry. I wondered if I could ever be an adequate stepmother."

"I understand about being left alone without a mother. My own mother died when I was only four years old. The only thing I can remember is kissing her in her coffin.

"My father remarried and I grew up under the guidance of a very sympathetic stepmother. It took her a long time to win me. It will take me a while too."

How did it come about that the former wife of an Army sergeant, ex-trainee nurse and hotel hostess found herself caught up in a romance with Vernon Presley?

Actually, stated Dee, the story went back to an early fall morning in 1958 in Bad Nauheim, Germany, when she accepted an invitation to attend a morning coffee party given by Vernon Presley's mother.

At that time Mrs. Elliott was living with her husband, the sergeant, who was on assignment to Germany, and Vernon Presley had taken up quarters at Bad Nauheim while his son completed a tour of Army duty at Friedberg, a picturesque town not far from Bad Nauheim.

First meeting

Well, that was their first meeting, but this time there was no flash of lightning to indicate love at first sight. It was nothing like that. Mrs. Elliott's own restrained comment on their introduction: "When I met Vernon I liked him immediately."

Bad Nauheim is a fair-sized resort city, but the American Army colony is not so large now and there were other occasions when the two were thrown together.

Mrs. Elliott's first marriage had withered long before she met Vernon Presley, she said. "My husband and I had decided on a divorce sometime before, but we hadn't made any announcement to our friends," she said.

"We would have separated long before, but I had my three sons, aged 4, 6 and 7, to think of, and I didn't want them to be without one parent as I had been," she explained.

At any rate she and the sergeant decided to call it quits and she returned to America and filed for a divorce.

Her next meeting with Vernon came in the summer of 1959 when he returned to his luxurious home at Memphis for a two-month visit before returning to Germany. Mrs. Elliott, chaperoned by one of Elvis' aunts, was a welcome guest at Graceland during part of his stay in this country.

By the time this visit ended a real romance had bloomed and their life had been set on a course that would inevitably lead to the altar.

In the fall of 1959 they were together again, this time in Germany. Mrs. Elliott flew to Bad Nauheim and spent four months in Europe, much of it spent as a guest of Elvis' grandmother.

She was on hand at Washington two months later when Elvis made his triumphant return to America after his Army duty in Germany.

Vernon, accompanied by his son, met Mrs. Elliott in the Capital, and it was at this point that the press spotted her and began to speculate in print about the possibility of marriage.

From then on Dee's life was transformed from the tranquility of a private existence to the turmoil of dodging into shadows to escape the spotlight beamed on the Presley family.

She divided most of her time between Huntsville, Alabama, where her brother is employed at the Army's missile center, and Graceland. At both points she was chased by the curious public and the more curious press.

False reports

But her very reluctance to meet with the press and share the public spotlight led to many false reports being circulated about her, she says.

"They (the newspapers) have even gotten my religion wrong," she said. "They refer to me as a 'former member of the Church of Christ.' This is not true. I love the Church of Christ and I am still an active member.

"There were even reports that I love wild nightlife, and that's just pure nonsense. Both Vernon and I are teetotalers," she said.

"I didn't know any reason that Elvis shouldn't accept me. I love him just because he's Vernon's son. I can only pray that someday he will have learned to love me too."

And possibly Dee's prayer is being answered more quickly than even she had expected.

For soon after the wedding Elvis said, "The reason for me not going is nothing personal. If I went, it would be made into a big thing—like a personal appearance of mine. I *was* going, but I got to thinking. What I thought was, if they could be married without any clamor, it would be better for all of us.

"Daddy's getting married doesn't bother me one bit.

"Daddy was with my mother for 26 long years. He never left her side as far as I know. Now she has passed away and he is all alone.

"If he can find happiness in some way, I'm all for him. All of the time he was in Germany with me, he was a miserable unhappy, broken man.

"She (Mrs. Presley) seems to be a pretty nice, understanding type of person. She treats me with respect just as she does Daddy.

"She knows she could never be my mother. I only had one mother and that's it. There'll never be another. As long as she understands that, we won't have any trouble.

"Daddy has got some pretty horrible letters since this thing came out. But he is my father and he's all I've got left in the world. I'll never go against him or stand in his way.

"He stood by me all these years and sacrificed things he wanted so that I could have clothes and lunch money to go to school.

"I'll stand by him now—right or wrong."

And that ends the story.

On July 16 Vernon and Dee Presley announced their secret wedding, and the world registered shock that Elvis had stayed away.

But the world did not know that three thoughtful, loving, considerate people were doing their very best to bring happiness to each other. **END**

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